

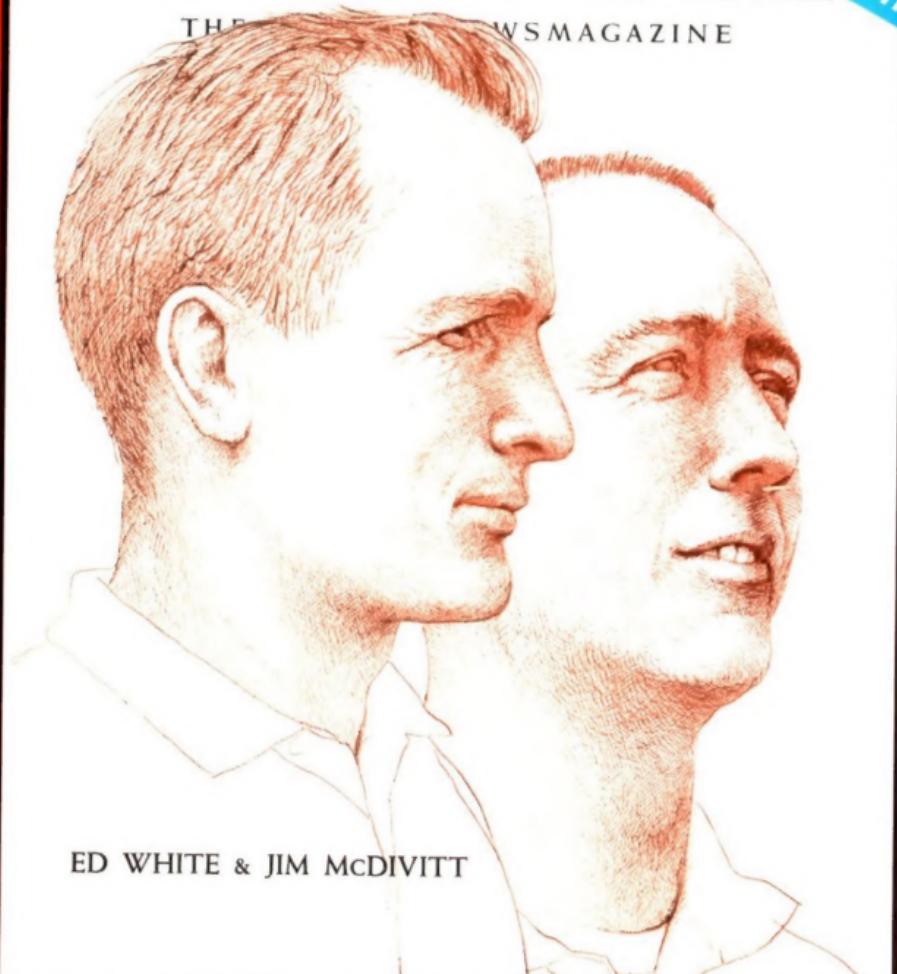
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

JUNE 11, 1965

TIME

THE NEWSMAGAZINE

THE McDIVITT - WHITE FLIGHT



ED WHITE & JIM McDIVITT

ROBERT VICKREY

VOL. 85 NO. 24

1965 U.S. 10¢



Patricia Bailey—Eastern Air Lines Ground Hostess, Kennedy Airport

Why are there special Ground Hostesses
at Eastern terminals?

For the same reason dinners on our Famous Restaurant flights from Chicago are by The Pump Room.



Why are dinners on Eastern Famous Restaurant flights prepared by The Pump Room, Voisin, and Old Original Bookbinder's? Why do Eastern crews go back to school each year? Why will there soon be Ground Hostesses to look after you at more major Eastern terminals?

For one reason: to make Eastern the finest airline you've ever flown. You'll find new comfort, elegance, convenience, and quiet on Eastern as we find new ways to say, "Thank you for flying on Eastern."

 **EASTERN**

See how much better an airline can be

How to light a new fire under an old flame



Giving him Sportsman Cologne is a little bit like giving you chocolates.

Wonderful, but a trifle selfish.

For, when you give him Sportsman he usually changes just a touch. Maybe takes the plunge and buys a racing sloop.

Or, tells the boss he won't move to Cut Bank, Montana.

Definitely becomes more unpredictable.

But, is it what Sportsman does to him, or to you?

Who cares?

Have him splash on some Sportsman and watch the fireworks.

Hint: For the most fabulous free men's fragrance offer in history, see your Sportsman dealer today.

COLOGNE
AFTER SHAVE
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Sportsman®

SPRITZED NEW SCENT OF THE SIXTIES
IN THE ALABASTER FLASK
WITH THE HUNTING FLAIR

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It takes a lot of horse sense to insure a rodeo. Especially the California Rodeo at Salinas, one of the Big Four in the world. Fireman's Fund American covers the whole shebang with a special policy to protect the sponsors against liability claims by the riders. But it's no strain for The Fund—we insure more unusual risks of all kinds than any other company in America.

If you think
insuring a rodeo
is unusual,
just look what
we've done for
business insurance!

New Portfolio Policy by Fireman's Fund American

Now one policy can cover
the insurable risks of any business—
at lowest premium costs!

Here's the kind of business insurance
you'd expect from a company like
Fireman's Fund American. Nothing else
can match it. No other policy is
available to so many types of business.
The Portfolio Policy is individually designed
to the exact needs of any manufacturer,
wholesaler, retailer, large or small.
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Coverage is tailored to your needs.

The Portfolio Policy can be written to
cover almost every phase of any business:
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business interruption, robbery, burglary,
theft, employee dishonesty, transportation.
Plus many other optional coverages.

You may qualify for rate savings
of 15%, 20%, 25% or more.

That's the advantage of individual underwriting.
You don't pay for coverage you don't need.
Your hazards are individually rated, too, so you
don't pay for someone else's dangerous risks or
poor management.

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Because you deal with only one agent and one
company on all coverages simultaneously.
Naturally, that means only one safety
inspection, one audit, one source for claims
service. A deferred payment plan is available.

The new Portfolio Policy is offered, in
most states, through 18,000 independent
agents and brokers. See the Yellow
Pages for the name of the agent near
you. Or write Fireman's Fund American,
3333 California Street, San Francisco.



THERE ARE 3,000 'BITS' OF INFORMATION ON THIS PAGE

Dots like these are part of an amazing electronic memory that can store, in binary language, 5.8 million "bits" of information. Such a memory unit is a fundamental part of the complex new Electronic Switching System that Western Electric is building for the Bell System. □ The dots are precisely 35 thousandths of an inch square and one thousandth thick. They are etched from magnetic material bonded to a thin aluminum sheet. One hundred and twenty-eight of these aluminum sheets are next placed into a module containing microscopically thin wires embedded in thin plastic to make a complete memory unit. □ This is merely one measure of the complexity

of electronic switching. A typical system requires more than half a million other tiny components, such as transistors. Each of them must meet rigid standards of quality during manufacture. Only then can they be assembled into units that will work perfectly with every other of the billions of components that make up the nationwide Bell System communications network. □ As the manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System, we share the goal of bringing you continual progress in communications. Electronic switching—developed by Bell Laboratories, built by Western Electric, operated by Bell telephone companies—is another giant step toward ever-better, low cost communications.



Western Electric
MANUFACTURING & SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM



Those frantic one-day business trips can really strip your gears. You're tough — but you're not made of steel. Fly there the night before. Unwind at a Sheraton. Lose that all-wound-up feeling at a famous Sheraton restaurant. Treat yourself to a good night's rest. Next day you'll be ready to tackle the world. And that keyed-up competition out there.

Keyed-up executives unwind at Sheraton

Sheraton Hotels & Motor Inns

Coast-to-coast in the United States, in Hawaii, Canada and overseas / Sheraton shares are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. The Diners' Club and Shell Oil Co. cards honored for all hotel services.



8 things other boat builders hope you won't notice about Chris-Craft.

1 How hard it is to fall out of a Chris-Craft cockpit. Because we make our boats for people, and not midgets, every Chris-Craft cockpit railing is a minimum of 28 inches high. Children and adults are safer.

2 How the joints fit aboard a Chris-Craft. Perfectly. To appreciate how rare this is in boatbuilding today, just check the workmanship in other boats. You'll be surprised.

3 The bolts in the handrails on Chris-Craft cabin tops. Other boats have handrails fastened by screws—which hold the rails in place just fine but can't guarantee the passengers will stay aboard.

4 The extra strength in Chris-Craft hardtops. On a lot of boats, you can wiggle the hardtops with one hand. Chris-Craft tops are made of wood or fiberglass or both. They're heavily framed and reinforced, and they're secured in place by sturdy supports. They won't wiggle.

5 The visibility from the pilot station. Every Chris-Craft design starts at a point out on the water ahead of the boat—a point that the

helmsman must be able to see even when the boat is at a planing angle. A special formula is used to insure that every Chris-Craft meets a strict standard of maximum visibility and safety. Incredible as it may seem, many companies neglect this area of design altogether.

6 How easy it is to have something repaired or to find replacement parts. There are Chris-Craft service centers throughout the United States and all over the world, and many of them are stocked with parts for Chris-Craft boats and engines up to 20 years old.

7 How much drier Chris-Craft bilges are, even after years of service. Steel, aluminum, and fiberglass hulls are one-piece construction and watertight. Wood hulls are watertight, too, but it takes a bit more to make them that way. For instance, Sea Skiff's lap-strake planks are joined by the highest grade of polysulfide sealant. It's the most expensive and the hardest of all to work with, but it's worth it. The seams actually become stronger than the tough wood planks they join...they're amazingly flexible, and they're

permanent.

8 The Chris-Craft Warranty, two years on parts and one year on labor: "For the first 24 months or 400 hours of operation, whichever comes first, Chris-Craft Corporation will repair or replace, at its option, parts defective by reason of faulty workmanship or material returned to the selling dealer with transportation charges to the point of manufacture. For the first 12 months or 200 hours of operation, whichever comes first, Chris-Craft will pay the labor costs as determined by its schedule for removal and reinstallation of such parts. Chris-Craft does not warrant used boat or engine purchases, paints, varnishes, chrome, racing boats or engines, altered boats or parts or speeds."

Chris-Craft builds sport boats, sailboats, cruisers, yachts, from 16 to 63 feet, marine-plywood Cavaliers, steel or aluminum Roamers, full-lapstrake Sea Skiffs, planked Philippine mahogany Chris-Craft, and fiberglass cruisers, sailboats and runabouts. Write Chris-Craft Corporation, Pompano Beach, Florida.



Sea Skiff 35' Sea Hawk six-sleeper with private forward stateroom.
From \$17,790. F.O.B. extra subject to change.

TIME, JUNE 11, 1965



Grandfather was a very light sleeper

But then, grandfather never knew the comfort of steel coil springs. A forward-looking manufacturer—a Republic customer—whose business is providing people with a comfortable night's rest, sympathized with granddad as far back as 1883. That year, when a newfangled way of using steel coil springs for beds and mattresses was introduced, they compared it with the conventional rope-spring product of the day, slept on the idea, and found it good. So, they switched. And grandson and all the great-grandsons have been sleeping soundly, thank you, ever since.

Fact is, there never has been anything to compare with steel wire for comfort and convenience. It says "good

morning" to you in the hinges of your back door, the springs on your garage door, in the cushions and a hundred other places in your car. It greets you as you arise from the comforting coil springs of your bed and serves you throughout the day in your home, your car, your work, your pleasure. Visibly in coat hangers, paper clips, tool room partitions and fences. Invisibly in countless screws and bolts and rivets, in spark plugs and elevator cables and concrete construction.

For more "good mornings" and daylong comfort and convenience, insist on products that gain strength, service, beauty, and economy from steel wire.

You Can Take the Pulse of Progress at



This STEELMARK of the American Steel Industry on a product assures you it is made of modern, versatile, economical Steel. Look for it on the products you buy.

REPUBLIC STEEL
CORPORATION



Cleveland, Ohio 44101

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Thursday, June 10

JAZZ ON A SUMMER'S DAY (CBS, 10-11 p.m.) "Jazz Greats Louis Armstrong, Gerry Mulligan, the George Shearing Quintet, Thelonious Monk, Mahalia Jackson and others in performances filmed at a past Newport Jazz Festival.

Friday, June 11

FDR (ABC, 9:30-10 p.m.) "Victory in Sight" focuses on the last bloody chapter of the war: the final European offensive and Allied victories in the Pacific. President Roosevelt is inaugurated a fourth time; his children James and Anna appear in a special sequence.

Saturday, June 12

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5:30 p.m.). The Grand Prix of Monaco from Monte Carlo, and the Tandem Event of the International Surfing Championships from Makaha Beach, Hawaii.

Sunday, June 13

LAMP UNTO MY FEET (CBS, 10-10:30 a.m.). An examination of Hungary's diminished but still active Jewish community, with rare films of Sabbath Eve services in Budapest's Dohany (Tabak) Synagogue—the center of the Jewish ghetto during Nazi occupation.

LOOK UP AND LIVE (CBS, 10:30-11 a.m.) "The Evolution of Church Music." An explanation of the ethnic adaptations of liturgical music, an analysis of the Gregorian chant, and illustrative performances by Composer-Conductor C. Alexander Peloquin's Chorale comprise the first of a three-part series.

DIRECTIONS '65 (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.). The purposes and intentions of Protestant religious retreats.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Rerun of a report on the No. 3 Nazi Rudolf Hess, whose flight to Scotland on a one-man "peace" mission was one of the most bizarre episodes of World War II.

Monday, June 14

THE BERKELEY REBELS (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Four Berkeley college students, the chairman of the Faculty Emergency Executive Committee and the acting Dean of Students discuss campus discontent.

Tuesday, June 15

CLOAK OF MYSTERY (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Repeat of "The Fugitive Eye," with Charlton Heston playing a one-eyed circus强man who attempts to convince police he has spotted a corpse moldering in a car and three gravediggers working nearby.

THEATER

On Broadway

THE GLASS MENAGERIE. The texture of Tennessee Williams' 1945 family drama remains unfraught, a tight weave of poignancy and poesy. The cast is lackluster, but the play is the best on Broadway.

HALF A SIXPENCE skims along as lightly as a kite, kept in motion by the airy charm of cockney Song-and-Dance-Man Tommy Steele. **Kipps**, the H. G. Wells story of a

* All times E.D.T.

raggs-to-riches-to-rags-to-riches hero, provides the plot for this pleasant musical.

THE ODD COUPLE. Art Carney and Walter Matthau are roommates in Neil Simon's hilarious study of two men who thought they couldn't live with their wives—until they tried living with each other.

UVW, Anne Jackson, Eli Wallach and Alan Arkin play three wildly amusing neurotics whose feet never quite touch the ground because their minds never get off the psychiatrist's couch—except when swept up by their own hot air.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT. Diana Sands, as a prostitute with paws of steel, claws and purrs her way into the once-serene life of a self-protective but defenseless book clerk (Alan Alda).

Off Broadway

SQUARE IN THE EYE. Playwright Jack Gelb fires a satirical stream of tracer bullets into the marital war of the egos, careerism, the cults of surgery and psychoanalysis, and the cosmeticians of the death industry. A theatrical kaleidoscope, the play is suffused with moral pathos—even while it is being abrasively funny.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF COLE PORTER REVISITED. The distilled wit and pleasant melodies of seldom heard Porter songs are consistently entertaining in this campy revue. Kaye Ballard heads a sprightly cast.

RECORDS

Ballads & Broadway

THE SOUND OF MUSIC (RCA Victor). The movie sound track is so wholesome and inspirational that makes even *Mary Poppins*, its rival bestseller, sound racy. The children, the nuns, and of course Julie Andrews sing Richard Rodgers' and the late Oscar Hammerstein's last joint score like angels as they extol steeple bells, cuckoo clocks, solfeggio, edelweiss and apple strudel.

THE ROAR OF THE GREASEPAINT—THE SMELL OF THE CROWD (RCA Victor). Another cast album laden with a children's chorus, this time a ragged and nasal group called the Urchins, who keep piping up to accompany Anthony Newley's singing and Cyril Ritchard's musical declamations. But the score, by Newley and Leslie Bricusse, has some good tunes, among them *Feeling Good*, sung with feeling by Gilbert Price, and *Who Can I Turn To*, the hit of the show.

SHIRLEY BASSEY BELTS THE BEST (United Artists). The mulatto Tigress from Tigray Bay, the waterfront district of Cardiff, is big in London but never had a blazing hit in the U.S. until she hammered out the brazen curtain raiser to *Goldfinger*. The *Goldfinger* theme song also opens this album of Broadway ballads, including *People and Once in a Lifetime*, all emotionally amplified by the torchy singer.

DEAR HEART AND OTHER SONGS ABOUT LOVE (RCA Victor). Henry Mancini has a genius for writing songs that become instantly familiar, like *I Love You and Don't You Forget It*, in which "I love you" is repeated 22 times, and *Dear Heart*, a sentimental waltz that has become this season's must for crooners. Composer-Conductor Mancini's first all-choral album is a meticulous blend of voices with

orchestra, suitable for his own gentle concoctions but too tame for the Beatlemania *Can't Buy Me Love*.

SOFTLY, AS I LEAVE YOU (Reprise) is subtitled "Frank Sinatra Sings All There Is to Know About Love." He falls hard (*Then Suddenly Love*), he pleads (*Talk to Me Baby*), he almost cries (*Dear Heart*), he cares too much (*Available*), then not at all (*Pass Me By*), Sinatra is boyish, lilting and convincing even when defending the proposition that true love does not care "whether you are 20 or 92."

ANDY WILLIAMS' DEAR HEART (Columbia). Williams covers some of the same ground as Sinatra and gets even more choked up over *Dear Heart*. Williams' albums sound as though they revolve at about 23 r.p.m., but that smooth, deep voice, trained on hymns and awash with loving sympathy, never falters.

LOVE (Capitol). The late Nat King Cole's last collection of love songs, accompanied by a swinging trumpet, includes *More, Thanks To You* and *The Girl From Ipanema*. It is only one of half a dozen albums devoted to matters of the heart that posthumously made him king of the bestseller charts.

CINEMA

MIRAGE. An amnesic scientist (Gregory Peck) with a top secret tucked away in his head worries his way through an absorbing jigsaw plot, aided by a private eye (Walter Matthau) who doesn't take the work too seriously.

CAT BALLOU. Lawlessness and disorder abound in this wickedly funny western about a pistol-packing schoolmarm (Jane Fonda) and the company she keeps—the best of it supplied by Lee Marvin, memorably double-cast as a couple of gun-slingers-for-hire.

THE YELLOW ROLLS-ROYCE. Among the luminous bodies who find love, then lose it, in the back seat of a 1930 model Phantom II are Rex Harrison and Jeanne Moreau. Alain Delon and Shirley MacLaine. Omar Sharif and Ingrid Bergman.

NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE. In sensitive, semidocumentary style, Canadian Writer-Director Don Owen explores the problems of two rebellious Toronto teen-agers (Peter Kastner and Julie Biggs).

THE ROUNDERS. More horse-operatics, with *Family* (Henry) and Glenn Ford filling the wry open spaces with amiable nonsense about two lazy bronco-busters and an unbustable mount.

IL SUCCESSO. Italy's affluent society yields one wriggling, upwardly striving nobody (Vittorio Gassman) who is Exhibit A in this fiercely funny satire about the price a man pays for life at the top.

IN HARM'S WAY. Vice, valor and victory in the Pacific at the outset of World War II, with John Wayne and Patricia Neal heading a do-or-die cast commanded by Director Otto Preminger.

A BOY TEN FEET TALL. The African odyssey of an orphaned British lad (Fergus McClelland) leads him to the lair of a rambunctious old diamond poacher (Edward G. Robinson) and into a fresh and colorful adventure story.

RED DESERT. Soul-searching against the blighted landscape of industrial Ravenna, with Monica Vitti as a neurotic young wife whose alienation is stunningly visualized in Director Michelangelo Antonioni's first color film.

THE PAWNBROKER. As an anguished old Jew caught between the remembered ho-



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You can pay as much as \$150 for a Ronson Varaflame pocket lighter.

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Just like the others.

The Standard isn't missing a trick.

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Get Club Coach service and
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How's that for family planning?

Fly in style today or tomorrow. Relax in seats as wide as First Class. Dine on Chef Lucien Lekeyser's gourmet cuisine. Enjoy Continental's famous service extras. And pay regular Club Coach fare and your spouse and children from two to twelve travel no far much less. One child under two seats plus is completely free. Find out the savings, and the more the merrier. Of course you can charge it on any major credit card, including Continental's Credit Plan. Take up to 14 months to pay. Call your Travel Agent or Continental. Go!



Now! There's a watch
to give someone who has a watch.
This is it!



The Electric Timex. It's so advanced, it will put his present watch permanently into a drawer. The Electric Timex doesn't need winding, minding or worrying about from one year to the next.

Its powerful energy cell supplies steady electric accuracy for twelve long months. Then you can replace the cell in moments. (A new one costs just a dollar). Even the sweep hand tracks time more conveniently. It leaps precisely from second to second, pinpointing each one.

Naturally, the Electric Timex is also waterproof, dustproof, shock-resistant. It is also the most popular electric watch in the world. And the price? Look twice.

THE ELECTRIC TIMEX® \$39.95

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Slammers!

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IF you're a genuine distance hitter or a low handicap golfer, the new high compression Wilson Staff will give you all the booming yardage you deserve. Its new cut-resistant cover will give you a sweeter "click," too. Find out for yourself. Test drive a new high compression Staff. Great way to move out in front of your foursome.



Available only through golf professional shops.

PLAY TO WIN WITH

Wilson

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rors of Nazi Germany and the deadly grind of life in Spanish Harlem. Rod Steiger illuminates one of the year's grimdest films with one of the year's grandest performances.

BOOKS

Best Reading

IS PARIS BURNING?, by Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre. The absorbing story of Hitler's determined, demented plot to blast the city of Paris to "a blackened field of ruins" rather than see it liberated. Following orders, General Dietrich von Choltitz went so far as to plant the explosives. But then he searched his soul, obeyed his conscience instead of his Führer, and delivered the city to the Allies.

THE WASHING OF THE SPEARS, by Donald R. Morris. This massive history of the Zulu nation highlights two chieftains: Shaka, whose wars of conquest depopulated much of southern Africa, allowing the Boers and British to move in, and his grandson Cetshwayo, who won many battles against British armies of the 1880s but lost the war and his land.

A SOUVENIR FROM QAM, by Marc Connally. This diaphanous novel, set in the never-never kingdom of Sajid, is Playwright Connally's (*The Green Pastures*) highly entertaining first entry into fiction.

EVERYTHING THAT RISES MUST CONVERGE, by Flannery O'Connor. The last stories of a powerful Southern writer who died last year at 39. She dramatizes her ever-recurring themes: sin and salvation, death and rebirth, and the Georgia earth she knew so well.

DOG YEARS, by Günter Grass. A powerful, complex, exhausting novel of two men—one Jew, one Gentile, neither wholly admirable—who belonged to "the Nazi generation" in Germany. Grass's powerfully evoked theme is, of course, guilt.

THE VIOLENT LAND, by Jorge Amado. Set in Bahia, Brazil's equivalent of the American West, this novel is something of a Brazilian *Ox-Bow Incident*. The characters, situations and locale are those of a western, but Amado's writing skill lifts them above the routine.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Hotel, Halley (5 last week)
2. Up the Down Staircase, Kaufman (2)
3. Herzog, Bellow (3)
4. The Ambassador, West (1)
5. Don't Stop the Carnival, Wouk (4)
6. The Flight of the Falcon, Du Maurier (6)
7. The Source, Michener (8)
8. A Pillar of Iron, Caldwell
9. Funeral in Berlin, Deighton (10)
10. The Man, Wallace (9)

NONFICTION

1. Markings, Hammarskjöld (11)
2. The Oxford History of the American People, Morrison (5)
3. Journal of a Soul, Pope John XXIII (3)
4. Queen Victoria, Longford (2)
5. The Founding Father, Whalen (6)
6. How to Be a Jewish Mother, Greenburg (7)
7. The Italians, Barzini (4)
8. Sixpence in Her Shoe, McGinley (10)
9. My Shadow Ran Fast, Sands (8)
10. Aly, Slater (9)

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Play the new medium compression Wilson Staff ball

IF (be honest, now) your golf swing is about average, the new medium compression Wilson Staff will "feel" best to you, give you every bit of distance that's locked inside your swing. Smack a new Staff and listen to the sweet "click" of its cut-resistant cover. Then watch it go! Great way to get a close-up view of the cup.

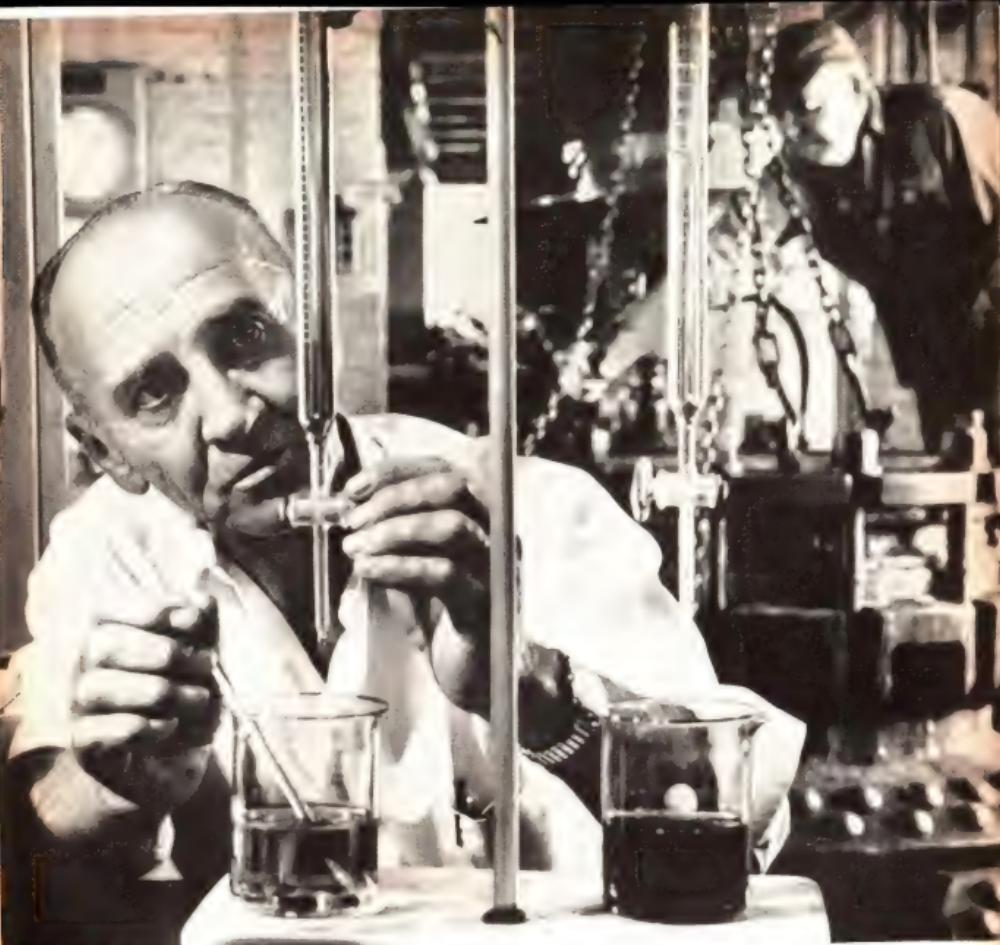


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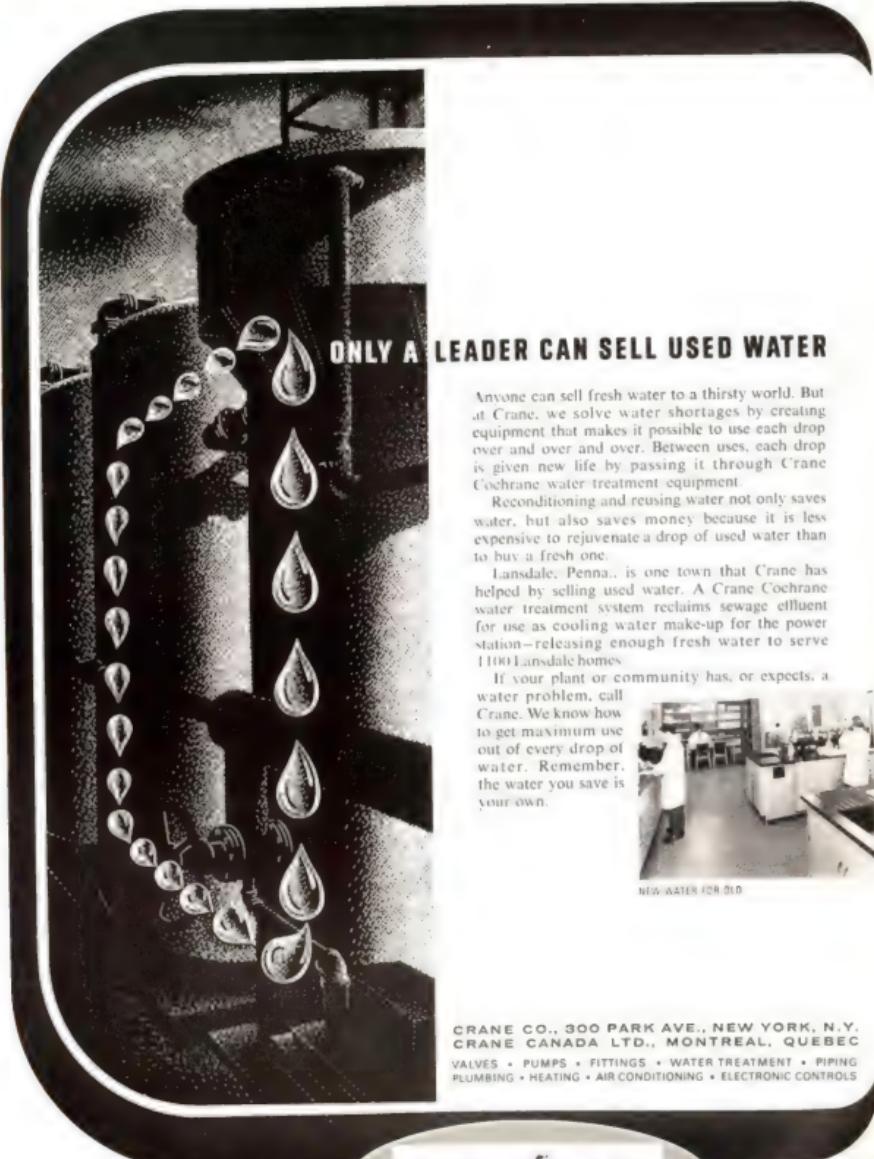
Consolidated has over 4,000 specialists in enamel papermaking—the

largest concentration of such skills in the world. In fact, Consolidated is the *only* major paper mill that specializes in enamel printing paper. That's why we can offer you such exceptional value in finest quality enamel papers.

See for yourself how Consolidated Enamels can step up the quality appearance of your brochures, mailers and other printed material. Send for free test sheets and let your printer compare quality and costs. Sold *only* through Consolidated Paper Merchants.

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Reconditioning and reusing water not only saves water, but also saves money because it is less expensive to rejuvenate a drop of used water than to buy a fresh one.

Lansdale, Penna., is one town that Crane has helped by selling used water. A Crane Cochrane water treatment system reclaims sewage effluent for use as cooling water make-up for the power station—releasing enough fresh water to serve 1100 Lansdale homes.

If your plant or community has, or expects, a water problem, call Crane. We know how to get maximum use out of every drop of water. Remember, the water you save is your own.



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"That's what I thought...until a MONY man worked out a plan that could give me the additional cash to keep both my family *and* my business going!"



MONY has given the Minitz
Senate a copy of Bob Shultz's

"'Sure,' I told MONY man George Moritz, 'some people might need disability insurance. But I won't...the cash from my properties could tide me over!'

"But George wasn't only thinking of my family. Supposing you were unexpectedly laid up and off the job for a few months, he said, 'you wouldn't have enough cash to keep your building business going, too.'

"Anyhow, George came up with a plan that would help supplement the income from my rental properties. It could mean I'd have enough cash to take care of my wife and five children.

I'd even be able to pay someone to replace me while I'm out.

"So I started on his plan. I've got a substantial life program with George, too. I'm happy to recommend George and MONY to my friends...anytime!"

MONY men care for people.

Get in touch with a MONY man near you. Rely on his seasoned judgment to provide the finest life and health insurance protection money can buy...from MONY, a leader for 122 years.

MONY MUTUAL OF NEW YORK



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If you think all tires are perfectly round you've got another tire coming. The Atlas **PLYCRON**® Tire. It's rounder. And roundness is only one reason it rolls at least 3,000 miles further than even the tires that come on most new cars.

Atlas has a much rounder mold!
What makes it rounder? A rounder mold. A precision-engraved mold that's within 3 1/1000 of an inch of perfect round. Other molds can be out of round by as much as 30,1000 of an inch.

Small difference? Maybe. Until you

think how many millions of times a tire turns a year. Then that difference adds up, for rounder tires roll more smoothly, wear more evenly.

Cord strength, wrap-around tread, many other things are important, too. The point is, only a tire this carefully built can give you those extra miles.

At least 3,000 more miles!
The toughest possible driving tests

prove you can expect at least 3,000 more miles from The Round Tire—more if you're an average driver.

Want more miles? Make The Round Tire your tire!

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PLYCRON

THE ROUND TIRE THAT ROLLS 3,000 MILES FURTHER

Sold at over 50,000 leading service stations • Atlas Tires • Batteries • Accessories

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week's Essay in the index by a properly selected word or phrase?

J. T. FRASER

Michigan State University
East Lansing, Mich.

► 1. An interesting idea
2. It's a nice old-fashioned word connoting scholarly inquiry with judgment
3. See Index.

Rationale of Intervention

Sir: I suggest that President Johnson hire the editorial staff of TIME Magazine collectively as his chief adviser, since it was able to do in approximately 40 words in the first paragraph of your May 28th Nation section what McGeorge Bundy has been unable to do without alienating large segments of American society and of the press—state the aim of Washington with regard to the Dominican Republic in a simple, sensible manner.

ARTHUR L. KAPPELOW

Miami

Newsmen in Santo Domingo

Sir: I do not want to contend TIME's viewpoint in the Press [May 28] story in which I was listed among the side-takers in Santo Domingo except to say that I am on the U.S. side, whichever side that is. I do take issue, however, with the unnamed U.S. officials who said that I "got quite upset" and complained "that marines were allowed to shoot back when shot at from outside the International Zone." I have never complained about any U.S. soldier defending himself.

I personally take great comfort from the protection of both marines and Army paratroopers in Santo Domingo, because without them I and all Americans who were there might be dead.

BARNARD LAW COLLIER
New York Herald Tribune
San Juan, P.R.

Professors or Tutors?

Sir: Your article on the Teaching Assistants [June 4] reawakened the anger I experienced this past semester that I was trying to forget. As a graduate student at a university in New York, I saw a certain "professor" for approximately ten hours out of the whole semester. The classes were not *conducted*, even though an assistant was present. The tests were graded and criticized by another student taking the course! When the professor showed up (always late), he kept us overtime and then, in the last two classes, lectured at breakneck speed so that he could give us an exam that presupposed that he had given and discussed a mountain of information. I won't get over the experience for many years.

T. DRUMMOND

The Bronx, N.Y.

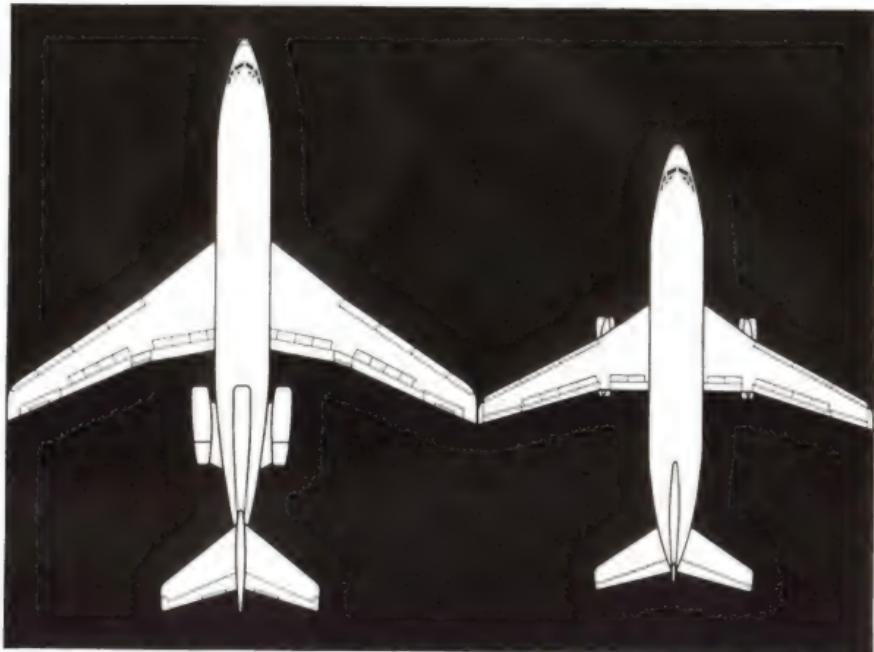
Sir: As well as being "underpaid and overworked," we TAs are usually much maligned, both by the academic community and by the parents of the little darlings we are sweating and slaving to educate. I hope that your article will result, if not in immediate raises, at least in improvement of our image.

WILLIAM W. CRESSEY

University of Illinois
Urbana, Ill.

Top Unsecret

Sir: Re your story about topless waitresses in San Francisco [May 28]: breast-



Boeing's 727 and new 737 Twinjet have much in common.

For instance, this cabin.

The smaller plane shown at the right above is the newest of the Boeing airliners—the short-range 737 Twinjet. Although smaller than the 727, its cabin will be just as high and as wide as that of the biggest Boeing jetliner.

The 737 will offer passengers more shoulder room, more head room, more big-jet comfort than any other short-range jet.

The new 737 will operate with ease from smaller airports. It will cruise at 550 to 600 miles an hour,



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Roll-out of the first 737 is scheduled for next year. First orders were placed by Lufthansa German Airlines and United Air Lines.

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fed rummies and bottle-fed babies! I got a feeling of nostalgia for the old days of breast-fed babies and bottle-fed rummies.

ZOLTAN KOVACS

Ithaca, N.Y.

Sir: I wholeheartedly concede that the human body is a thing of great beauty and that things of great beauty should be admired and appreciated. However, as a wife, mother and registered nurse, I find the vision of a pair of breasts bouncing over a cocktail tray outrageous to my sense of "public decency." The human body should not appear publicly out of context with the values classified roughly as the finer things of life," including mature adult love, fine art and music.

DOROTHY A. NIJESSEN

Bedford, Mass.

Sir: In San Francisco's wonderful Golden Gate Park, the rules for use of the tennis courts, specifically say, "Men must wear tops."

EDWARD G. LOWELL

Tarzana, Calif.

Fear of Clay

Sir: Even a cursory examination of the Clay-Liston bout [May 4] should convince the severest skeptic that vaudeville is not dead.

RICHARD SWERDLIN

Cincinnati

Sir: Hell, my wife and I could put on a better John than that!

W. R. JONES

Great Falls, Mont.

Sir: Is it true that both Clay and Liston were Olympic champions, Cassius in the butterfly stroke and Sonny in the high dive?

E. PAUL HUNTER

Riverside, Calif.

Character Inscribed

Sir: As an amateur handwriting analyst, I thought that Jackie Kennedy's letter was more interesting for revealing her personality than as a collector's item [May 28]. The tall rounded capitals show her artistic ability, and the regularity in the size of her letters and the straightness of her lines indicate strong will and ability to stick to any course she chooses. She enjoys solitude, as the slight backward slant of her handwriting shows, although her large script reveals that she doesn't mind being the center of attention. She is quite frugal, notice that there is hardly any margin on either side, and little on the top or bottom of each page.

STEPHEN M. COLEMAN

Dayton

American Seating Company, Inc., 1162 Grand Rapids, Mich. 49502. Write American Seating, Dept. 1162, Grand Rapids, Mich. 49502.

Sir: The other night I heard Tom Jones, Spain's Tenor, sing a solo during intermission of the International edition of *Evita* at the Coliseum in Los Angeles. Another Tenor, Georges Carpentier, sang a solo during intermission of *Evita* at the same place. I am sure that both of these artists are very good. Please let me know who the other two soloists were.

Mr. G. C. COOPER, Jr., 10000 N. 10th Street, Phoenix, Ariz.

Robert Alexander, 200 W. 72nd Street, New York, N.Y.

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John F. Harney, 10000 N. 10th Street, Phoenix, Ariz.

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can't beat it for smoothness.

But that's just part of it! You can also get new power steering...so gentle, a woman can park this Wagoneer with one finger!

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dles just about anything nature puts in its way...hills, snow, mud, even deep sand.

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At Manned Spacecraft Center, Houston, Texas, space-suit engineer steps to simulated "moonscape" from lunar excursion module, the vehicle scheduled to land two men on the moon by 1970. Employer of the engineer, Ets-Hokin Corporation, is contractor on several scientific and control facilities for the Center, focal point of America's space research, crew training and flight operations.

Employers Mutuals helps protect
builders of the
road to the moon

**Wausau
Story**

For most of us, manned flight to the moon remains barely imaginable. Yet today we already have traveled a good part of the way along the lunar road with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Project Apollo. While the round-trip flight itself will take only a few days, the pre-launch journey must be measured in years of research, planning, training and building. Much of this has now been accomplished and the physical evi-



Half-size temporary "Space Center" at Merritt Island spaceport, near Cape Kennedy, Fla., with vertical assembly building (top) in construction. Within next twelve months, Earth, vehicle and spacecraft will be assembled vertically. Building contractor is: Employers Mutuals, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Kiewit-O'Neil, with associates: Perini Corporation and Paul Hornbeck, Inc.

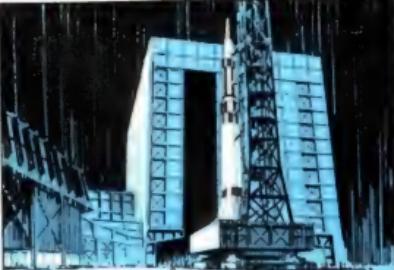
dence is rising around the country.

As insurance carrier for many companies engaged in NASA projects, Employers Mutuals of Wausau has an important role in the moon-flight preparation, helping to prevent loss resulting from accidents. The job calls for imagination, skill and services quite beyond the ordinary, with policyholders working in the most advanced areas of technology.

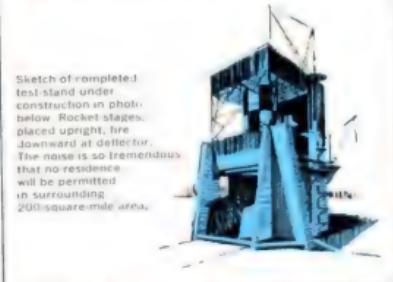
Employers Mutuals is willing and

qualified to take up the challenge. The company is one of the largest and most experienced writers of workmen's compensation and provides all forms of business insurance. Offices are strategically located in 177 cities from coast to coast to give fast, efficient, on-the-spot service.

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Drawing shows how VAB, world's largest structure, will appear as newly assembled launch vehicle emerges on its way to nearby launch pad. Giant building will enclose more than 129 million cubic feet.



In Marathon County, Wis., Employers Mutuals policyholder, Leopold Koenig, is eliminating from his property the largest crater or sink hole after soil moves again. Large changes. Scarp shaped, stellar, will take the remains of Saturn 11's million-lb thrust.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

June 11, 1965

Vol. 85, No. 24

THE NATION

SPACE

Closing the Gap

He stood on top of his spaceship's white titanium hull. He touched with his bulky thermal gloves. He burned around like Buck Rogers propelling himself with his hand-held jet. He floated lazily on his back. He joked and laughed. He gazed down at the earth 103 miles below, spotted the Houston-

during Gemini 4's scheduled 62-orbit, 98-hour, 1,700,000-mile flight. White spent twice the time outside the spacecraft that Soviet Cosmonaut Aleksei Leonov did last March 18, and he had much more maneuverability; all Leonov did was somersault around at the end of a tether, getting dizzy, while White moved around pretty much at will.

Second Generation. Still, Gemini's planners would have scrubbed White's EVA (for Extra-Vehicular Activity)

and improvise at short notice. For the first time, a U.S. space flight was controlled from Houston's supersophisticated Manned Space Center, which makes Cape Kennedy almost as obsolete as a place once called Canaveral.

Moreover, the spacemen themselves were second generation. Project Mercury's pioneers were national legends almost before they got off the ground. Yet who, before last week, knew very much about Jim McDivitt and Ed White?

The Team. The pair made an almost perfect space team. Inside Man McDivitt is a superb pilot and a first-class engineer who is the son of an electrical engineer. Outside Man White is a daring flyer, a fine athlete, a military careerman who is the son of a retired Air Force major general who flew everything from balloons to jets.

McDivitt, whose 36th birthday is this week, is a whip-lean 5 ft. 11 in., 155 lb., Air Force major. As a youth, he did not seem exactly the type to be a spaceship jockey. After graduating from high school in Kalamazoo, Mich., he worked for a year as a furnace repairman, then drifted rather aimlessly into tiny (then 531 students) Jackson Junior College in 1948. On his college application he wrote: "I think I would like to be an explorer and a novelist." A so-so student, McDivitt finished his two-year course in 1950, and since he was about to be drafted into the Army, decided he might as well join the Air Force as an air cadet. He found a home and a calling.

As a jet fighter pilot, he went to Korea, flew 145 combat missions, won three Distinguished Flying Crosses and five Air Medals. In 1957 the Air Force sent him to the University of Michigan to get a degree in aeronautical engineering. By now more mature and sure of himself, he got straight A's, graduated first in an Engineering School class of 607. From Michigan he went to the Experimental Test Pilot School at Edwards Air Force Base in California, was selected for the X-15 testing program, but applied instead for Gemini.

He was picked with eight others—including Ed White—in September 1962. Jim McDivitt sounds about as dispassionate about being an astronaut as he would about fixing furnaces. "There's no magnet drawing me to the stars," he says flatly. "I look on this whole project



McDIVITT & WHITE ON THEIR WAY TO LAUNCH PAD 19
'Beautiful! Beautiful!'

Galveston Bay area where he lives and tried to take a picture of it. Like a gas station attendant, he checked the spacecraft's thrusters, wiped its windshield. Ordered to get back into the capsule, he protested like a scolded kid: "I'm doing great," he said. "It's fun. I'm not coming in." When, after 20 minutes of space gymnastics, U.S. Astronaut Edward Higgins White II, 34, finally did agree to squeeze himself back into his Gemini ship, he still had not had enough of space walking. Said he to Command Pilot James Alton McDivitt: "It's the saddest day of my life."

White's exhilarating space stroll provided the moments of highest drama

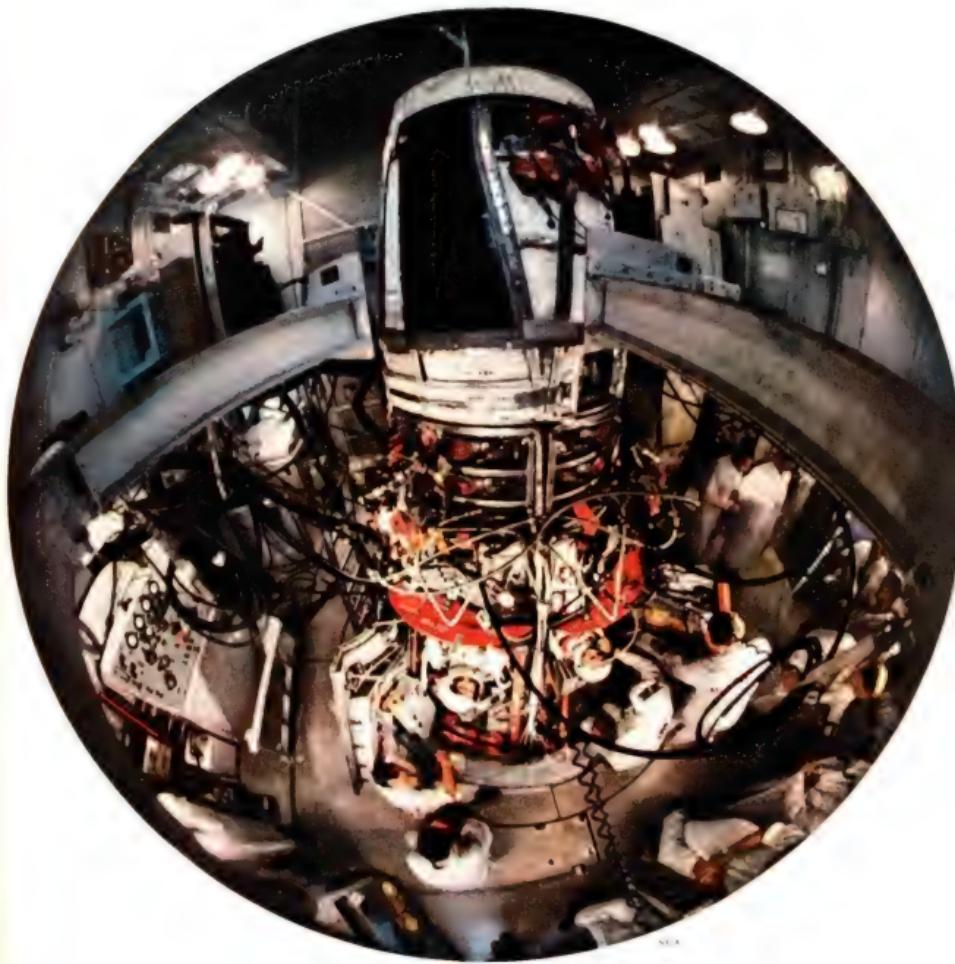
expedition in a second if they had thought it might detract from the flight's basic missions.

In Gemini 4, the U.S. took a big step toward closing the gap in the man-in-space race, in which the Soviet Union got off to a head start. More important, the flight signaled the advent of the second generation of U.S. spacecraft and spacemen. The two-man Gemini capsule is to the old Mercury capsule what a Thunderbird is to a Model T. Almost all previous U.S. space flights were pre-planned to the second, and any deviation meant trouble: in Gemini 4, the astronauts were given considerable flexibility, could and did change their plans

HENRY CHOCKINSKY



GEMINI-TITAN 4 BLASTS OFF AND REACHES FOR OUTER SPACE



FISHEYE VIEW of preflight test on the pad before the big shoot shows Cape Kennedy technicians packing Astronauts McDivitt (*left*) and White into the compressed ganglia of wires and tubing that lie beneath the peeled-back skin of the Gemini capsule.

as a real difficult technical problem—one that will require a lot of answers that must be acquired logically and in a step-by-step manner.

McDivitt may be able to keep his eyes off the stars, but not Ed White, also an Air Force major. White was an Army Air Forces brat, brought up at bases from the East Coast to Hawaii, and committed to flying for a livelihood. His father, who held a pilot's rating during all of his 35 years in the service, took his son up for his first airplane ride in an old two-seater T-6 trainer when Ed was only twelve. "I was barely old enough to strap on a parachute," recalls the astronaut. "When we were airborne, Dad let me take the controls. It felt like the most natural thing in the world to do." White won an appointment to West Point, where he finished 128th in 1952's class of 523. He went to flight school in Florida and became a jet pilot.

White was—and is—a fanatic on physical fitness. At West Point, he was a center-halfback on the soccer team. In 1952 he set an Academy record that still stands in the 400-meter hurdles, went on to qualify for the U.S. Olympic trials, but missed making the team by .4 sec. He still jogs a couple of miles every day, squeezing a hard rubber ball as he runs. He can do 50 sit-ups, then flip over and do 50 push-ups without breathing hard. On his days off, he enjoys climbing a 40-ft. rope in the backyard of his home near Houston. Of all the astronauts, he is considered by Gemini's medics to be the best physical specimen.

In 1957, while stationed in Germany, White read about the U.S.'s embryonic astronaut program, decided that he would one day get into it and, in the process of preparing himself, took a master's degree in aeronautical engineer-



LIEUT. McDIVITT DURING KOREAN WAR
Three Distinguished Flying Crosses, five Air Medals.

ing at the University of Michigan—at the same time Jim McDivitt was there.

After Michigan, White went to test-pilot school, later was assigned to a necessary but frustratingly tangential job having to do with the space program. At the controls of a jet cargo plane, he would go into a screaming, precisely plotted dive that would create the zero-gravity weightlessness of a space ride. In this capacity, he helped in the training not only of John Glenn but of Ham and Enos, the chimpanzees who broke into space before men did. White figures that he "went weightless" 1,200 times—for a total of about five hours—before he was ever selected as a Gemini pilot.

In Gemini, White became smitten with a single overriding ambition: to be the first man on the moon. "His goal," says his father, "is to make that first flight."

Dress Rehearsals. Gemini officers picked McDivitt and White as the space men for last week's flight nearly a year ago. After that, each man spent scores of hours in a simulated capsule at Houston's Manned Spacecraft Center. They practiced the chilling procedures for aborting a flight in case of a mishap in a centrifuge at Johnsville, Pa. Together, they bobbed inside a Gemini capsule shell on the Gulf of Mexico off Galveston, rehearsing the act of opening the hatch, jumping out and inflating a life raft to await rescuers.

In preparation for his step-out into space, White spent 60 hours in vacuum chambers that simulated altitudes of up to 180,000 ft. Patiently, he practiced moving about in the suit he would wear outside the capsule. Weighing 31 lbs. and costing over \$30,000, the garment is a marvel of cautious construction. With 22 layers, it acts as a coat of

armor, as a heat repellent, as protection from deep-freeze temperatures, and as a pressure force to keep White's body from exploding in the near-vacuum of space. Yet it also allows a certain freedom of movement. Although NASA experts figured that the odds against White being punctured by a high-velocity micrometeor in space were about 10,000 to 1, they nevertheless blasted White's suit over and over again with splinters of plastic fired at 25,000 ft. per sec. In those tests, the suit held up.

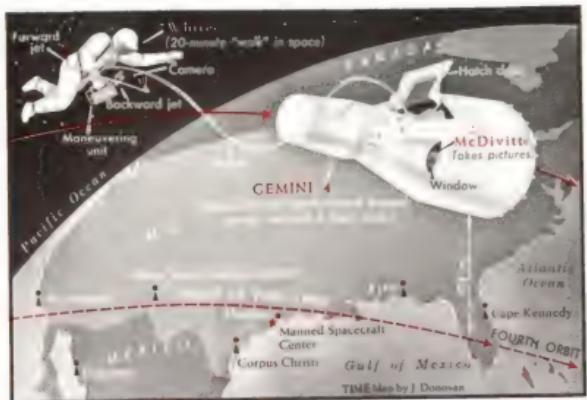
No Mickey Mouse. White also spent some twelve hours rehearsing with his "hand-held self-maneuvering unit"—the gadget that was to help him walk around in space. The device weighs 7½ lbs., has two small cylinders of compressed oxygen belted to a handle that also acts as a trigger to send jets of air through two hollow tubes, each 2 ft. long. Holding the contraption just below his midriff, White could, in his weightless state, manipulate it so as to send him, like a bit of fluff in the wind, in any direction he desired.

When, on May 25, only nine days before the launch date, NASA announced that White would try to take his walk in space, skeptics suggested that it was only a publicity gag. This irked the NASA men. "We're not playing Mickey Mouse with this thing," snapped Christopher Kraft, Gemini 4's mission director. "We're trying to carry out flight operations. I don't think it's very fair to suggest we're carrying out a propaganda stunt."

The Real Thing. Now the rehearsals were over, and it was time for the real thing. McDivitt and White were ready. "The condition of the astronauts is the best I've ever seen," said Dr. Charles Berry, Gemini's presiding physician. The countdown started 420 minutes before



RETIRED GENERAL WHITE
Son was shooting for the moon.



scheduled blast-off time, and as Mission Director Chris Kraft said, "Everything looks to be about as good as you could ever hope it to be."

Before dawn, McDivitt and White had a low-calorie breakfast of sirloin steak and eggs, gulped in breaths of pure oxygen to prevent the formation of nitrogen bubbles in their blood at high altitudes, went through the laborious process of putting on their space suits, and at 8:12 a.m. E.D.T. lay down on their twin bedlike couches in the capsule on Cape Kennedy's Launch Pad 19. The only hitch came 1 hr 13 min later, and 35 minutes before the scheduled launching time, when there was an electrical breakdown in the motor that was to lower the huge erector cradle, which had been used to set the Titan II booster rocket in its place. The delay lasted 1 hr. 16 min.

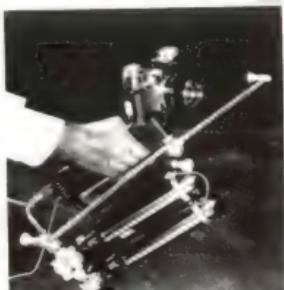
At 11:16 a.m. E.D.T., a billowing plume of hot orange smoke leaped from the base of the missile. Three seconds later, the rocket lifted ponderously from its pad, built speed rapidly as 430,000 lbs. of thrust propelled it skyward. As it rose, McDivitt and White lay in their seats, each clutching a D-shaped ring; by pulling on the rings, they could eject themselves instantly if they had to abort the mission.

As the first stage of the missile dropped away, the first words came from the capsule. Exclaimed McDivitt: "Beautiful!" Exclaimed White almost simultaneously: "Beautiful!" Every word, every breath and every heartbeat of McDivitt and White as well as every calibration on every instrument in the cabin were under constant surveillance in Houston's new \$170 million Manned Spacecraft Center.

There the nerve center for the Gemini flights was a softly lighted, air-conditioned Mission Operations Control building, where some 300 scientists, engineers, doctors and technicians hunched over blinking panels or watched the or-

bital progress on 10-ft. by 60-ft. screens. Chris Kraft and his men were linked through 10,000 miles of wire, 140 instrument consoles and 384 television receivers with the entire Gemini 4 communications operation—including 11,000 men in a recovery fleet of ships and planes spanning two oceans. Basic to control of the Gemini 4 flight were five IBM 7094-II computers, each of which could digest 50,000 "bits" of telemetry information per second from the orbiting craft. Gemini is able to flash back 275 different kinds of information, three times more than Mercury; the computer gobbles it up, puts it on paper or, upon specific demand, transmits it by television to the mission control officials.

Watching It Go. Gemini 4's ascent went precisely according to plan: accelerating to 17,500 m.p.h., the space craft entered into an orbit that took it 175 miles high at apogee, 100 miles high at perigee. At 6 min. 6 sec. from lift-off, Command Pilot McDivitt set off a string of explosive bolts that set the capsule free from its second-stage booster. The booster dropped loose and



JET GUN WITH ATTACHED CAMERA
Into action, just east of Hawaii.

McDivitt swung Gemini 4 around so that it was flying blunt end forward. The booster, tumbling slightly and moving slower than the capsule, dropped about 400 ft. below.

The original flight plan had directed McDivitt to stay close to the booster, which was the size of a house trailer and was rigged with 2,500,000-candle-power lights so that it could be seen for 300 miles. It was contemplated that White, during his space walk, might touch the trailing booster. If he had, it would have been a significant step toward a rendezvous between two spacecraft.

But from the very start, McDivitt had trouble staying within range of the booster. "I have been struggling here not to let it get too far from me," he told Houston Control shortly after the booster fell away. McDivitt manipulated the capsule's Orbit Attitude Maneuvering System (OAMS) comprised of 16 rocket engines mounted about the capsule to allow changes in altitude and direction. The fuel supply for OAMS was separate from the crucial fuel cache McDivitt would need to fire the retro-rockets for his return to earth later on.

The craft headed over Mexico toward the end of its first orbit. The ship's OAMS fuel supply had gone from 410 lbs. to 228 lbs. in the hide-and-seek game with the booster. Director Kraft told McDivitt to take it easy on the fuel in chasing the errant booster. The astronaut replied: "It's out farther than we expected." A little later he asked Houston, "Do you want a major effort to close with this thing or save the fuel?" The instant answer: save the fuel and forget about the booster. Resigned, McDivitt said, "I guess we're just going to have to watch it go away."

By now, Gemini 4 was over the coast of Africa, well into its second orbit—the orbit in which Ed White was supposed to get out and walk around.

White began to ready his EVA gear. There were 54 items to check from his flight-plan list, and it was painfully slow going. White began to perspire heavily; almost every drop of sweat was noted by Houston's wizard gear. As the craft flew over Australia, McDivitt radioed the tracking station there: "We don't have any time at all." From Houston, Kraft told him to delay White's EVA mission until the third revolution.

And Out He Went. As Gemini 4 went into its third orbit, White donned his EVA equipment. He snapped on an extra face plate which was tinted gold to deflect the sun's broiling rays, hooked up his gold-coated umbilical cord—a 24.3-ft. tether connecting him to the spaceship, providing him with oxygen and a space-walk talk system. Since he could not look down with his helmet on, White used a mirror to strap on to his chest a shoebox-sized pack weighing 8.3 lbs. and containing a twelve-minute supply of emergency ox-

xygen. If his main oxygen source failed, Spaceman White could flip a switch on the box, haul himself back into the spacecraft, close the hatch and hurriedly repressurize the cabin before his portable supply ran out.

Unlike the ship used in Cosmonaut Leonov's space walk, Gemini 4 did not have a separate exit compartment that could be depressurized while the cabin remained normal. Thus, before McDivitt and White could crack the hatch, they had to drop the pressure inside from the normal 5.1 lbs. per sq. in. to about 3 lbs. per sq. in.

Now Gemini 4 was 4 hr. 43 min. off the launching pad. It was flying blunt end forward and upside down in relation to the earth—although this made no difference to the astronauts in their weightless condition.

Slowly, White began cranking a ratchet handle to loosen a set of prongs around the hatch opening. The hatch was free. It raised to a 50° angle, and

Along the Life Line. By the time he had been out of the capsule for three minutes, White had exhausted his hand gun's fuel propellant. This was neither alarming nor surprising, since NASA officials had purposely kept the thrust of the gadget low and the fuel supply at a minimum for this first experimental trip. From then on, White maneuvered by twisting his torso and hand-pulling himself back and forth along his life line.

As Gemini 4 streaked toward the West Coast of the U.S., White reported: "I'm looking right down, and it looks like we're coming on the coast of California. There is absolutely no disorientation association."

White had a 35-mm. camera attached to his hand jet, and McDivitt had a 16-mm. movie camera attached to the spacecraft interior and fixed to peer out through the window. Grissom reminded them from the ground: "Take some pictures." McDivitt said to

McDivitt: "All right, I've taken a lot, but they're not very good. You're in too close for most of them. I finally put the focus down to about eight feet or so."

The two kept chattering over VOX, a voice-activated system that cut off messages from controllers on earth whenever McDivitt and White were conversing. Again and again Grissom tried to break through: "Gemini 4, Houston. Gemini 4, Houston." The space twins kept talking to each other. Finally, McDivitt acknowledged the calls from earth: "Got any messages for us?"

"Ed! Come in here!" Grissom burst in urgently: "Gemini 4, get back in!" McDivitt replied: "O.K. We're trying to come back in now." Grissom, more calmly now: "Roger, we've been trying to talk to you for a while here."

McDivitt: "Back in. Come on."

White: "Hate to come back to you, but I'm coming."



AERIAL VIEW OF MANNED SPACECRAFT CENTER AT HOUSTON
Ten thousand miles of wire, measuring almost every drop of sweat.

White poked his head through the opening. McDivitt asked Director Kraft for a go-ahead. Replied Kraft: "Tell him we're ready for him to go whenever he is." Out went White.

Gripping his jet gun, he slipped alone into space over the Pacific, just east of Hawaii. On the part of his space suit facing the sun, the temperature was an infernal 250° above zero. White punched the trigger on his hand jet, squirted himself under the capsule, then back to the top. His movements jostled the ship. McDivitt, carefully working the controls inside Gemini 4 to maintain a stable base for White, said into his microphone to Gemini 3 Astronaut Virgil ("Gus") Grissom at Houston control center: "One thing about it, when Ed gets out there and starts whipping around, it sure makes the spacecraft tough to control."

White: "Get out in front where I can see you again." White moved to a better position and Grissom told the space walker: "You've got about five minutes." But Ed White was enjoying himself immensely: "The sun in space is not blinding but it's quite nice. I'm coming back down on the spacecraft. I can sit out here and see the whole California coast."

"Right Over Houston." A few moments later, McDivitt cried excitedly to Grissom: "Hey, Gus, I don't know if you read us, but we're right over Houston." White chimed in: "We're looking right down on Houston." McDivitt to White: "Go on out and look. Yeah, that's Galveston Bay right there. Hey, Ed, can you see it on your side of the spacecraft?" White: "I'll get a picture."

Discussing their photographic endeavors, White told McDivitt: "I've only shot about three or four." Said

McDivitt: "O.K."

White: "I'm trying."

McDivitt: "O.K. O.K. Don't wear yourself out now. Just come on in. How you doing there? O.K. Whoops! Take it easy now."

White: "O.K., I'm right on top of it now."

McDivitt: "Come on in then."

White: "The handhold on the spacecraft is fantastic. Aren't you going to hold my hand?"

McDivitt: "No! Come on in. Ed! Come in here!"

White: "All right."

McDivitt: "O.K., let's not lose this camera now. I don't quite have it. A little bit more. O.K., I've got it. Come on. Let's get back in here before it gets dark."

Tired, Safe & Elated. Grissom chimed in again: "Gemini 4, Houston." White: "I'm fixing to come in the

house." McDivitt: "Any message for us, Houston?" Grissom: "Yeah! Get back in!" McDivitt: "He's standing in the seat now and his legs are down below the instrument panel." Grissom: "O.K. Get him back in now." McDivitt: "He's coming in. He's having some trouble getting back in the space cabin, looks like." Grissom: "You got your cabin lights up bright in case you hit darkness?"

Moments later, White was back inside—tired but safe and elated as Gemini 4 sped through the black night over the eastern Atlantic Ocean.

The Medical Report. NASA officials in Houston were delighted at the EVA performance. Medically, White had responded well. His usual on-the-ground pulse beat of 50 soared to 178 as he re-entered the capsule, but that was not considered dangerous under the cir-

once. Before the flight was half over, McDivitt requested—and received—permission to exercise more often. "I just haven't moved around very much," he said.

Dehydration was another potential danger, and the Houston controllers often reminded White and McDivitt that they should take a drink of water. Astronauts require at least two quarts of water a day—more than double the usual earth-bound need—because their space suits' cooling systems evaporate perspiration as it forms, thus increasing the loss of body fluids. If McDivitt and White failed to drink their quota, they could return to earth as wrinkled as prunes.

The menu aloft included dishes such as beef pot roast, banana pudding and fruitcake. It even catered to McDivitt's Roman Catholicism by having fish dishes for Friday. But the food was less than tasty: either freeze-dried or dehydrated, it was mixed with water in plastic bags, kneaded until it became mushy, and it had all the consistency of baby food.

Sanitation was another problem. Neither astronaut could shave during the flight. They had only small, damp wash rags with which to mop their faces. Liquid body wastes went overboard through a urine transfer system. Solid wastes were stored in the craft in self-sealing bags containing disinfectant pills.

Party Line. Once the excitement of White's walk beyond the capsule had subsided, both astronauts took four-hour naps. Because they could not turn the volume in their headsets all the way down, they were occasionally jarred from sleep by radio transmissions from the ground. During the 33rd revolution, Gus Grissom told McDivitt: "Look, we don't have very much for you to do in the flight plan for the next 18 hours. So we would like for both of you to get a good long sleep, and we want whoever is asleep to unplug his headset so he can get a good solid, sound sleep. O.K.?" McDivitt gratefully agreed.

Yet at other times during the first two days of the flight, the ground-to-space communications system was as chatty as a rural party line. At one point, Gus Grissom sent up to McDivitt the news that his son's Pee Wee League team, the Hawks, had defeated the Pelicans 3 to 2, and to White the fact that his son had got a hit in a Little League game that day.

Both the astronauts' wives got on the line for four minutes.

When McDivitt's wife Pat came on the radio, he said, "I'm over California right now." She said, "Get yourself over Texas." He asked her: "Behaving yourself?" She said, "I'm always good. Are you being good?" McDivitt replied, "I don't have much space. About all I can do is look out the window." When White's wife, also named Pat, got the mike, she said, "It looked like you were having a wonderful time yesterday."

White said, "Quite a time. Quite a time." Mrs. White said, "I can't wait to talk to you about it." White replied, "O.K., honey. I'll see you later."

The girls came on the line later with some advice that sounded more official than wifely. Said Pat White to her husband: "Now have a drink of water." White answered: "Roger. Standing by for a drink of water." Pat McDivitt told Jim: "Disconnect your headset communications at the neck ring from now on at the start of your sleep period. No static on that. Did you get the message to disconnect your headset?" McDivitt came in loud, clear and obedient: "I sure did."

On their 22nd revolution, White and McDivitt broke the American record in space—34 hr. 20 min.—set by Gordon Cooper's Faith 7 flight on May 15, 1963. "I would like to congratulate



PAT McDIVITT

"Behaving yourself?"

cumstances. When reporters asked if White might have become euphoric during his voyage, Dr. Berry quickly said: "I think it's just elation at being out there, doing this task."

As the flight went into the weekend, the medical tests continued. Dr. Berry was particularly concerned about orthostatic hypertension, a drop in blood pressure combined with an abnormally rapid heartbeat, which can bring on fainting spells. "What this means," said Berry, "is that the cardiovascular system simply gets lazy because the heart doesn't have to work anywhere nearly as hard to circulate the blood. In weightlessness, there's no pressure on the heart—being a muscle, it gets lazy and merely does what it needs to do."

Throughout their flight, both White and McDivitt did sit-ups. Using a "hunger cord"—a tough length of rubber with a loop at one end, a T handle at the other—the astronauts put their feet in the loop, pulled up on the handle 30 times in 30 seconds. It took 60 lbs. of force to stretch the rubber. For comparison purposes, White was to exercise four times a day. McDivitt just



PAT WHITE

"Quite a time. Quite a time."

you on the new American space-flight record," said the controller in Houston. Laconically, White said, "We got a few more to go."

Ready for More. As the flight sped into its third day, the orbit held fairly firm with a 173-mile apogee and a 101-mile perigee, indicating that Gemini 4 could stay aloft well into this week.

Life aboard Gemini 4 settled into a routine that seemed almost mundane after Ed White's excursion into raw space. Yet even as the mission continued to circle the earth, there was new Project Gemini activity. Work had begun at Cape Kennedy to mount and prepare another Titan II missile, topped by another spacecraft: Gemini 5, which will carry Astronauts Gordon Cooper and Charles Conrad on a seven-day space expedition in late August.

After the Project Gemini series will come Project Apollo, aimed at landing an American man on the moon in its first shot sometime in 1970. But the man on the moon is only the beginning of the Apollo program. After that, it will send the spaceship many millions of miles on the way to the planets.

THE PRESIDENCY

The Festival Guest

Here Beat His Breast

I was a fire-breathing Catholic C.O., and made my manic statement, telling off the state and president, and then sat waiting sentence in the bull pen beside a Negro boy with curlicues of marijuana in his hair.

—*Memories of West Street and Lepke*, by Robert Lowell

During World War II, Boston-born Robert Lowell was a C.O.—conscientious objector. Refusing to be drafted into the Army, he served six months in a federal prison. Since that time, the great-grandnephew of Poet James Russell Lowell has gone on to write several volumes of widely praised, often autobiographical poetry, including *Lord Weary's Castle* and his latest, *For the Union Dead*.

Lowell, now 48, was among a score or so of writers invited by President Johnson to participate in a White House arts festival on June 14. He accepted the invitation, but then had second thoughts about it. Last week he caused a mild commotion by declining in public.

Nuclear Ruin. "I am afraid," he wrote to the President, "I accepted somewhat rapidly and greedily. I thought of such an occasion as a purely artistic flourish, even though every serious artist knows that he cannot enjoy public celebration without making subtle public commitments.

"But, after a week's wondering, I am conscience-bound to refuse your courteous invitation . . . Although I am very enthusiastic about most of your domestic legislation and intentions, I nevertheless can only follow our present foreign policy with the greatest dismay and distrust. We are in danger of imperceptibly becoming an explosive and suddenly chauvinistic nation, and we may even be

drifting on our way to the last nuclear ruin.

"I know it is hard for the responsible man to act; it is also painful for the private and irresolute man to dare criticism. At this anguished, delicate and perhaps determining moment, I feel I am serving you and our country best by not taking part in the White House Festival of the Arts."

Twenty residents of the nation's intellectual community promptly rushed forth in public support of Lowell. Among them were Novelists Mary McCarthy, Philip Roth and Bernard Malamud; Critics Alfred Kazin and Dwight Macdonald; Poets John Berryman, W. D. Snodgrass and Alan Dugan. None of them had been invited to the White House, but that didn't make any difference.

Honor & Respect. Two authors who had been invited, John Hersey and Saul Bellow, publicly agreed with the criticism of Johnson's foreign policies but said they would attend the festival.

Said Bellow: "The President intends in his own way to encourage American artists. I consider this event to be an official function, not a political occasion . . . Therefore I do not think it necessary to acquaint him with my position on Viet Nam or to send him a statement declaring that I am wholly opposed to the presence of marines in Santo Domingo . . . Mr. Johnson is not simply this country's principal policymaker. He is an institution. When he invites me to Washington, I accept in order to show my respect for his intentions and to honor his high office. I am sure that he does not expect me to accept every policy and action of his Administration together with the invitation."

Trying to be Both

President Johnson returned from a long holiday weekend in Texas to speak at Daughter Luci's graduation from the National Cathedral School. To the girls of the graduating class he confided some of the problems of the presidency, recalling Henry Clay's declaration that he would rather be right than President. "I must try to be both," said Johnson. "And as President of your country I must act, in this 20th century, often swiftly, always decisively, according to judgment." Returning to his seat, the President stopped, hesitated, then walked over to the white-robed girls to kiss Luci.

While Lady Bird vacationed in a Virgin Islands retreat, the President took Luci with him to a good old-fashioned Democratic fund-raising dinner in Mayor Dick Daley's Chicago. It was the sort of occasion that would ordinarily bring out the rousing Republican baiter in L.B.J. But not this time. Instead, he used it to issue an appeal to the Russian people for friendship, and to declare himself firmly against appeasement. Recalling the lesson of Munich, he said: "In the 1930s we made our fate not by what we did but by what we failed to do. We propelled ourselves—and all mankind—toward tragedy.



LYNDON & LUCI AT GRADUATION EXERCISES

Often swiftly, always decisively.

not by action but by inaction. The failure of free men was not of the sword but of the soul—and there must be no such failure in the 1960s."

Back in Washington, Johnson turned away from foreign affairs, which had dominated every utterance during the week. To the graduating class of mostly Negro Howard University, the President pointed out that even though Negroes are winning the legal battle for equality, Negro poverty remains worse than white poverty. He talked about the psychological scars left on young Negroes, the devastating breakdown in Negro family life, the lack of education. He cited figures to show that the gulf between whites and Negroes is actually widening rather than closing, despite the legal breakthrough.

Johnson announced that as the first step in erasing the gulf he would call a White House conference of scholars, Negro leaders and Government officials; their mission may be to find ways of fulfilling economic, educational and social rights. This mission, he said, is "the glorious opportunity of this generation to end the one huge wrong of the American nation—and in so doing to find America for ourselves with the same immense thrill of discovery which gripped those who first began to realize that here, at last, was a home for freedom."

After the speech, someone praised Johnson for his delivery. The President looked the man in the eye and said simply: "I really meant it."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Neglected Fences

Preoccupied with crisis diplomacy in Viet Nam and the Dominican Republic, President Johnson has had little time to think of the rest of the world—including Western Europe, the area of most vital concern to the U.S. Yet no one could doubt that the U.S.'s fences in Europe needed mending, or, at the very least, tending.

In London last week, a high-ranking



POET LOWELL

Somewhat rapidly and greedily.

British official chided the U.S. for what he called its "sophisticated insouciance" in dealing with Europe. In Bonn, a West German government official said: "The U.S. has a role in Europe. When the time comes again, we hope you will have solved your other problems and can play it." British Liberal Party Leader Jo Grimond recently rose in Parliament to criticize President Johnson for not being "deeply interested in Europe." In Paris, a poll taken by the Institut Français d'Opinion Publique to determine the world figure whom Frenchmen regard as the greatest menace to world peace, Lyndon Johnson ran a close second (30% to 32%) to Red China's Mao Tse-tung.

Living Reminder. In the U.S. last week for a five-day visit was a living reminder of America's stake in Europe: West German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard. Erhard did not come to complain. But in stating the reason for his trip, he did note that "urgent decisions that are vital for the future of the Atlantic Alliance need to be discussed."

At New York's Columbia University, Erhard received an honorary doctor of laws degree, along with six others. At a luncheon given by the German-American Chamber of Commerce and attended by 635 U.S. businessmen, Erhard spoke of deteriorating U.S.-French relations, and their effect on the Atlantic Alliance. West Germany's foreign policy, he said, depends on a strong Western Alliance that includes both France and the U.S. "There can be no European unit without France or without Germany," he declared. And "without the closest alliance with the U.S., there can be no North Atlantic Treaty Organization."

Next day in Washington, Erhard met with Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Under Secretary George Ball, later spent 90 minutes in a "working session" with the President. During their talk, which Erhard described as "filled with substance," the two leaders reaffirmed some old pledges of mutual support. They agreed to work for "further European economic integration" and "increasingly closer economic ties between Europe and America and the rest of the world"—a point that was not likely to please French President Charles de Gaulle. Beyond that, Erhard asked for—and got—reiteration of U.S. promises to continue to work toward German reunification, and to keep U.S. forces, "backed by nuclear power," in Europe for as long as they are "wanted and needed." For his part, Johnson won Erhard's strong and publicly stated support for "American determination to turn back aggression in Viet Nam."

Staunch Ally. If nothing else, Erhard's visit brought home again the fact that West Germany is a staunch U.S. ally—perhaps the staunchest in the present political pattern of Europe. It also served to underscore the point that U.S. interests in Europe are many and



ERHARD AT COLUMBIA

Not to complain, but to recall a vital concern.

vital, and that regardless of Viet Nam or the Dominican Republic or any other crisis in which he finds himself, President Johnson cannot afford to let those interests slide.

THE CONGRESS

When Luxuries Become Necessities

The House of Representatives might have been debating the merits of apple pie for all the opposition that was voiced. Before the House was President Johnson's proposed \$4.8 billion excise-tax cut, and House leaders had set aside five hours one day last week for pro and con on the bill. But there was so little con that the debate lasted barely three hours, after which the House passed the bill by a vote of 401 to 6.

As whooshed through by the House, the bill would repeal "luxury" taxes in three stages over four years. The first reduction, amounting to \$1.7 billion and to become effective July 1, would repeal the 10% retail tax on jewelry, furs, cosmetics and other toiletries, luggage, handbags and other leather goods, as well as the 10% manufacturer's tax on business machines, sporting goods, phonograph records, musical instruments, television sets, radios and phonographs, refrigerators, freezers, electric gas and oil appliances, pens and mechanical pencils, lighters, matches and playing cards. In addition, the 10% manufacturer's tax on new passenger cars would be cut to 7%, retroactive to May 15, with full repeal effective on Jan. 1, 1969. The 10% manufacturer's tax on air conditioners would be fully repealed, also retroactive to May 15.

A Hodgepodge of Taxes. The second stage, also amounting to \$1.7 billion, would come by Jan. 1, 1966 when the

► The six: Republicans John F. Baldwin of California and Robert P. Griffin of Michigan, Democrats Charles S. Joelson of New Jersey, Paul C. Jones of Missouri, John O. Marsh Jr. and Howard W. Smith of Virginia

10% tax on local and long-distance telephone and Teletype services would be reduced to 3%; the 8% to 20% taxes now charged on general admissions, race tracks, cabarets, club dues, electric light bulbs and parts and accessories for passenger cars would be repealed altogether.

The final reduction of about \$1.4 billion would occur gradually between Jan. 1, 1966 and Jan. 1, 1969, and would result in the repeal of the already reduced excise levies on cars and telephone and Teletype service.

As floor manager for the bill, Arkansas Democrat Wilbur Mills, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, explained that of the four types of excise taxes now in effect—user taxes (gasoline, airline tickets), regulatory (opium, betting, machine guns), sumptuary (alcohol, tobacco), and selective, or so-called luxury—only the luxury tax would be affected. Said he: "The excise taxes which this bill repeals were initially levied as emergency revenue-raising measures at the time of the Korean War, World War II, or at the time of the Depression of the 1930s. As a result, they represent a hodgepodge of taxes not developed on any systematic basis."

Almost Indistinguishable. Mills noted that "it sometimes is suggested that the present selective excise taxes are justified on the grounds that they are imposed on the sale of luxuries as contrasted with necessities. But in our society today it has become almost impossible to distinguish between luxuries and necessities."

Last week the Congress also:

- Approved, in the Senate, a bill authorizing \$5.2 billion for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration program in 1966, including \$242 million to carry forward the Gemini program and \$2.97 billion for the Apollo man-on-the-moon program. The bill now goes to a Senate-House conference

committee for adjustment of relatively minor dollar differences.

► Passed, in the House, a \$2.08 billion appropriations bill providing 1966 operating funds for several federal departments and agencies. About \$82 million less than the President requested, the bill provides \$388 million for the State Department, \$370 million for the Justice Department, \$889 million for the Commerce Department, \$81 million for federal courts, and \$171 million for the U.S. Information Agency.

► Approved, in the Senate, a resolution to permit *Years of Lightning, Day of Drums*, a U.S. Information Agency film on the life of President Kennedy, to be shown at the 25th reunion of Kennedy's Harvard class next week. Congressional approval is required for USIA films to be shown in the U.S.

REPUBLICANS

Union Now?

The national Republican Coordinating Committee, which first met in March to get the G.O.P. working together again after the 1964 electoral fiasco, assembled in Washington last week—and showed a singular lack of coordination.

On hand were former President Dwight D. Eisenhower, now describing himself as a "politician emeritus"; Los Angeles Presidential Nominees Tom Dewey, Dick Nixon and Barry Goldwater (the only other one still living, Alfred M. Landon of Kansas, turned down an invitation); Congressional Leaders Everett Dirksen and Tom Kuchel from the Senate; Gerry Ford and Les Arends from the House; Governors George Romney of Michigan and Bill Scranton of Pennsylvania, both top prospects for the 1968 presidential nomination; G.O.P. National Committee Chairman Ray Bliss; and twelve others.

"The Same Problems." First off, Barry Goldwater got waylaid by newsmen on the question of what he thought

about Republican Congressman John V. Lindsay, now running for mayor of New York City while industriously trying to disassociate himself from the Republican label. Barry knew what he thought, all right. Said he: "I'd think a man who's registered as a Republican would be proud to run as one in a partisan election." Pressed further, Goldwater added: "I don't know enough about Lindsay to give you the time of day. I know he's a member of Congress, that he's attractive, that he's a veteran with a good war record, and that he has a lot of kids. But then a lot of us have the same problems."

Most of the other G.O.P. leaders could hardly have agreed less with Goldwater. Tom Dewey, noting the top-heavy registration advantage that Democrats have in New York City, said, "Naturally, labels are attractive to Democrats and unattractive to Republicans." Said Nixon of Lindsay: "For him to be identified on a partisan basis would not help his cause." Then Nixon offered Lindsay his help—although he had not yet been asked for it.

"That's Cute." During its two-day session, the Coordinating Committee issued five position papers, ranging from criticism of the Democratic Administration for inadequate enforcement of civil rights laws to charges of military impotence in South Viet Nam. But all this was overshadowed by another small squabble. House Republicans announced that they were sending a four-man delegation to Europe to investigate the disarray into which NATO has fallen because of the Johnson Administration's neglect. House Minority Leader Ford called the mission "one of the major undertakings" of this year's congressional session.

But Senate Republican Leader Dirksen, upon first hearing the news, was derisive. "Are you kidding?" he asked. When told that Illinois' Representative Paul Findley, leader of the delegation, had surmised that NATO's problems

might be the result of some sort of misunderstanding, Dirksen chortled: "That's cute." Next day Dirksen had a second thought, issued a statement saying: "It is regrettable that this jovial exchange with the press was reported."

By that time, the Coordinating Committee's meeting was over, and Politician Emeritus Eisenhower had already had dinner at the White House and exchanged glowing toasts with Democrat Lyndon Johnson.

THE STATES

The Reapportionment Thicket

In 1946, Justice Felix Frankfurter warned his Supreme Court colleagues against meddling with the apportionment of political voting districts. "Courts," he said, "ought not to enter this political thicket." Frankfurter's advice was heeded until last year, when the court set forth its historic one-man, one-vote rule for congressional and state legislative elections. Those decisions landed all courts in the thicket—and so thick was the grove that it seemed to many that the Supreme Court was not even trying to pick its way out. Last week the court hardly clarified matters. In four terse decisions, it:

► Upheld a lower federal court order requiring New York to hold a special legislative election on Nov. 2. The election will be held under "Plan A," the first of four reapportionment plans passed last December by a lame-duck Republican legislature. The State Supreme court voided all four, noting specifically that Plan A violated a state constitutional provision against a lower house of more than 150 members. A three-judge federal court overturned that ruling on the grounds that some reapportionment action must be taken. It ordered the special election under Plan A, with the provision that the new legislature draft another apportionment plan acceptable under the state constitution. Plan A has been violently denounced by Democrats as favorable to Republicans, who lost control of the legislature last year for the first time in 30 years.

► Required California to reapportion its state senate along population lines by July 1. Otherwise, the job will be done by a three-judge federal panel. The Supreme Court ruling, which rejected an appeal by Democratic Governor Pat Brown, had the effect of reversing five statewide referendums since 1926.

► Decided, at least for the time being, a dispute between a federal court and the Illinois Supreme Court. Last January, the federal court reapportioned state senate districts; if its orders were not followed, it said, all state senators would have to run at large in 1966 (as did all representatives in 1964). Two weeks later, the State Supreme Court, while agreeing that the present apportionment was unconstitutional, asserted its own jurisdiction, gave the senate



REPUBLICANS GOLDWATER, EISENHOWER, NIXON & DEWEY IN WASHINGTON
Not to know Lindsay, but to investigate NATO.



DISSENTER HARLAN
Bristling with difficulties.

until this July 1 to realign itself. The federal court refused to yield jurisdiction. But the Supreme Court ordered the federal court to step aside and give the Illinois bench "a reasonable time" to achieve reapportionment.

► Declined to rule on the constitutionality of an Idaho reapportionment plan, adopted by the legislature last March, and passed the question back to a three-judge federal court.

In no case did the Supreme Court issue any further guidelines about what it considers to be constitutional reapportionment. This fact was caustically noted by Justice John Marshall Harlan in a dissent to the New York decision. Wrote Harlan, who had also dissented to the original one-man, one-vote ruling: "I am wholly at a loss to understand the Court's casual way of disposing of this matter. The Court should be willing to face up articulately to these difficult problems which have followed as a not unnatural aftermath of its reapportionment decisions of last term. These matters bristle with difficult and important questions that touch the nerve centers of the sound operation of our federal and state judicial and political systems."

LOUISIANA

Bleeding Bogalusa

In Louisiana, the paper-mill town of Bogalusa has been teetering for a long time on the verge of bloody race violence. The Ku Klux Klan is active there, while the Negroes themselves have formed a vigilante group called the Deacons for Defense and Justice. When Sheriff Dorman Crowe appointed

two Negroes as deputies last year, the move seemed to please the Negro community. The deputies, O'Neal Moore, 34, and Creed Rogers, 42, mostly patrolled the Negro area and were welcomed there.

All the same, Bogalusa remained a sleeping volcano. Last week it erupted with a sickening blast. Deputies Moore and Rogers were cruising in their police car one night near the hamlet of Varano, seven miles north of Bogalusa. An old pickup truck caught up with them from behind. Shotgun bursts smashed the deputies' rear window. Then the truck drew abreast of the car. A second volley ripped out. It caught Rogers in the shoulder and blew Moore's head open.

Moore was dead. But Rogers immediately sent out a radio alarm, giving a description of the black truck, detailed down to the Confederate-flag decal on the front bumper. Less than an hour later, police at a roadblock in Tyertown, Miss., just across the state line, stopped a truck fitting Rogers' description. Arrested was Ernest Ray McElveen, 41, a mill worker and sometime insurance man from Bogalusa, who happened to have two pistols with him.

At first, McElveen refused to waive extradition. But Louisianans' Democratic Governor John McKeithen, calling the murder a "dastardly, heinous, cowardly deed," immediately set the legal wheels in motion. McElveen, formerly an honorary member of the Louisiana state police, changed his mind and returned voluntarily to jail and a murder charge. Meanwhile, FBI agents and state and local authorities searched for possible accomplices; police believe that there were three gunmen.

Two nights later, six bullets splattered the home of Washington Parish's Chief Deputy Sheriff Doyle Holliday, a white man, who had been helping in the investigation of the Moore murder. No one was hurt, although some of the slugs narrowly missed Holliday and his wife. At week's end, the investigation continued. Governor McKeithen offered a \$25,000 reward for information leading to a murder conviction, promised to "demonstrate to the world that Louisianans are law-abiding, God-loving citizens, and that our state is no haven for cowards and murderers."

FLORIDA

Mayor of the Beach

Just across Biscayne Bay from Miami is the city of Miami Beach. It is scarcely more than a spit of sand held together by a string of hotel resorts, but Miami Beach (pop. 69,000) is big enough to have its own \$3,000-a-year mayor, and last week it elected a new one. According to one newspaper, the winner was "the tall, rather pudgy" Elliott Roosevelt, 54, "five times married, four times a business failure, and second son of a famous father."

Most Miami Beach residents obviously did not think of Elliott in these terms.

Currently a management and investment consultant, he has been active in civic affairs, launched himself into Florida politics last year by running successfully for Democratic state committeeman. In February he decided to run against incumbent Mayor Melvin Richard, 53.

The issues, such as they were (tourism, Miami Beach's relationship to Dade County), never got discussed very much. Instead, Mayor Richard made it a point to go around denying that he had ever called Elliott a drunk or that he had made nasty cracks about Elliott's sprightly marital career. For his part, Roosevelt did not exactly try to hide the fact that he was a Roosevelt. His campaign mailings were posted with the commemorative U.S. stamp depicting his late mother; the envelopes were decorated with the legend: **IN A GREAT TRADITION, ELECT ELLIOTT ROOSEVELT.** Said Mayor Richard's wife Janet rather enviously: "If we had stamps with our father or mother on them, we'd probably have used them too."

More to the point, Elliott concentrated on the city's South Beach district, home of thousands of retired people who had grown to adulthood during the Depression. To these people, Elliott was simply a Roosevelt, the son of the father of social security. Old pensioners grasped his hand and kissed it, crying, "It's Mr. Roosevelt, God bless him!" As it turned out, South Beach's voters went for Elliott by a 2 to 1 margin. That made all the difference to Roosevelt: he beat Richard by 1,409 votes—10,110 to 8,701.

To the very end, Elliott insisted that his name was more of a detriment than a help. "Being a Roosevelt costs you dearly," he explained earnestly. "My last name didn't help me in this campaign for mayor one bit. Look at my brother Jimmy—he ran for mayor of Los Angeles two months ago, and was beaten 2 to 1. And he has the same last name I have."



WINNER ROOSEVELT & FAMILY
Name game.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC: The Necessary Risk

COMPARED with most other areas of cold-war conflict, the Dominican Republic is a small country, its civil war a minuscule affair. Yet in the six weeks since the first of 20,500 U.S. Marines and paratroopers landed in Santo Domingo, the Johnson Administration has faced a drumfire of criticism unequalled in range and volume since John F. Kennedy tried and failed to blast Fidel Castro out of power at the Bay of Pigs.

In the Dominican crisis, as in the Cuban fiasco, the deepest source of disquiet is the widespread assumption—at home and abroad—that the U.S. intervention marks a return to “gunboat diplomacy.” Many persistent critics, particularly in academic circles, further argue that the Administration acted, in fact “overreacted,” without provocation; that the rebels in Santo Domingo represent a legitimate democratic revolution. “On the evidence presented so far,” wrote Notre Dame History Professor Samuel Shapiro in the *Nation*, “the Dominican revolution is no more Communist-controlled than the C.I.O. or the civil rights movement.” Poet Archibald MacLeish attributed the U.S. response to “the old myopia of the McCarthy days.” On more realistic grounds, a number of experts concede that the intervention may have been justified, but they object that by acting “unilaterally” and in violation of the OAS charter, the U.S. irreparably damaged its standing in Latin America.

In both the Dominican and Vietnamese wars, much of the mistrust of U.S. policy is related to the belief held by many intellectuals that the Communist threat would disappear if the free world would only quit fighting it. Some Americans, said Presidential Adviser McGeorge Bundy after returning from Santo Domingo, seem to think that “the bear will turn into a golden retriever if we only treat him that way.” Bundy argued pointedly: “There is in many—and perhaps especially among those whose concern is for ideas and ideals, and those whose hope is primarily for peace and progress—a reluctance to give full weight to the role of power and its necessity in the world’s affairs, a reluctance to recognize and accept this element in the affairs of men.”

Spain Without Content

Doubt and dissent have not been dispelled by the oversimplified and curiously defensive fashion in which President Johnson and his aides have at times presented their case. Thus, in releasing the names of 58 known Communist agents who had infiltrated the rebel movement, the State Department made it appear that only 58 Reds in all were involved. Undeniably, even a few dozen trained subversives are enough to manipulate the rebels’ cause, as the Castroites did in Cuba. But many skeptics agree with Stanford Professor John J. Johnson that “You can find 58 Communists in New York City or San Francisco or anywhere else you want to look”—ignoring the fact that neither New York nor San Francisco is in the throes of bloody civil war.

The senseless, savage nature of the struggle in Santo Domingo discourages clear-cut answers. Likening the conflict to a “Spanish civil war, without content,” Presidential Envoy John Bartlow Martin reported that “distinctions had become meaningless, and each man had rebelled for his own reasons—Boschist idealism, revenge, plunder, Communist directive. All had become extremists in the true sense, men of violence, almost animals.” Some commentators claim that the bloodbath would have ended if the rebels had succeeded in their avowed aim of bringing back deposed President Juan Bosch—who even under peaceful conditions proved a sadly ineffectual chief executive. In fact, the U.S. several times offered to fly Bosch home.

Many other criticisms of the intervention are more reflex than reasoned. “Gunboat diplomacy” is a handy catch phrase but an inexact parallel. Only the most rabid anti-American

propagandist could argue that the action in Santo Domingo resembled the armed interventions of the early 20th century, when marines were sometimes dispatched to “those wretched little republics,” as Theodore Roosevelt called the Latin nations, to protect U.S. investments. Teddy’s “Roosevelt Corollary” to the Monroe Doctrine, asserting the U.S. right to punish Latin American governments for “chronic wrongdoing,” was buried forever by Franklin Roosevelt’s Good Neighbor policy, and by the U.N. and OAS charters; its final repudiation is the *Alianza para el Progreso*. Indeed, one of the most remarkable aspects of the Dominican crisis has been the extent to which other American nations accepted Washington’s right to intervene. Only two Latin American heads of state condemned the U.S. action, and no serious anti-Yanqui riots erupted in a single Latino capital. Admittedly, five states—Chile, Peru, Uruguay, Ecuador and Mexico—opposed the OAS resolution committing its members to multilateral intervention. By contrast, 13 others—two-thirds of all Latin American nations—not only recognized their collective duty to restore stability in the Dominican Republic but, more important yet, committed the normally dilatory OAS to direct, effective action for the first time in its 75-year history.

Subversion Without Fingerprints

Ironically, the most unequivocal indictment of Communist influence within the rebel movement did not come from Washington officials or from the oddly skeptical U.S. newsmen on the scene, but from a five-man OAS delegation that visited Santo Domingo. Its report, which got scant play in the U.S. press, warned that the rebel movement was in danger of being captured by Cuban and Soviet-trained subversives, and that conditions there were so chaotic that “any organized group” could easily land on the island and “dominate the situation.” One delegate, Colombian Ambassador Alfredo Vázquez Carrizosa, impatiently demanded of the OAS: “Do we all sit down as if we were at a bullfight, waiting for the crew to drag away the dead bull?”

The arduous task ahead will be to restore political and economic stability to the hate-riven, impoverished nation. While the Administration so far has managed to block a regime that it does not want, it has yet to win the kind of government it wants. The dilemma, despite Johnson’s oft-stated aim to establish “a broad-based” government, is that: 1) there are no centrist parties of any strength, and 2) the individual hatreds of possible leaders are hard to reconcile.

The greatest danger facing Latin America, Adlai Stevenson reminded critics last week, is not the threat of armed conflict between nations but “camouflaged aggression, subversion so subtle that it can sometimes be exported without a fingerprint.” Today’s world, Stevenson warned, “is too volatile to permit the spread of militant violence. And until the international community is ready to rescue victims of clandestine aggression, national power will have to fill the vacuum. It is the most costly, the most dangerous and the least desirable kind of peace-keeping—and the sooner it becomes unnecessary, the better it will be for all of us.”

The most valuable consequence of the U.S. response in Santo Domingo may thus be the development of an effective, permanent, regional peace-keeping force along the lines of the multinational OAS expedition that has now formally taken over from the U.S. As for Washington’s initial intervention, no one can yet prove conclusively that the Dominican Republic would have become the hemisphere’s second Communist state if the U.S. had not sent in troops. The fact remains that no responsible U.S. Administration facing a risk of this magnitude could have afforded to act otherwise—for the stability of the hemisphere or for the peace of the world.

THE WORLD

SOUTH VIET NAM

The Bloody Hills

The long-awaited Viet Cong summer offensive at last seemed under way. From the suburbs of Saigon to the rain forests around Danang, the Communists mounted a savage series of ambushes that snatched away the initiative from the government forces and killed more than 1,000 South Vietnamese troops. The deadliest assaults came in the Red-rife Central Highlands, with the Viet Cong attacking in battalion and even regiment strength as they swept down from the craggy Annamite chain. "The V.C. are coming out of the bloody hills," said one stunned American officer. They were indeed.

Thunder in the Compound. The boldest bit of Red butchery took place at Bagia, a tiny hamlet near Quangngai (see map, opposite page), where three South Vietnamese battalions were mousetrapped and mowed down in the worst single battle of the war to date. The Viet Cong—numbering nearly 1,000—started slowly, by ambushing a single battalion engaged in a routine road-

clearing operation. Then, as relief convoys dashed out of Quangngai, the Reds snapped ever-fiercer traps on the would-be rescuers. It was the same trick—in the same place—that had destroyed several French regiments in 1953, just a year before Dienbienphu. Some of the ambushed government soldiers panicked, ripping off their uniforms and throwing away their weapons to hide out in hamlets and paddymuds. Those who surrendered received no mercy; many were found shot through the head and disembowled.

The Communist intent was clearly to capture Quangngai, the provisional capital. And well they might have—except for a hot dose of U.S. airpower. The handful of government reserves held tight in Quangngai as a Red barrage from mortars, recoilless rifles and howitzers thundered against the Bagia redoubt. Reports from a detachment of *montagnard* mercenaries, who bravely scouted the area on bicycles, showed that the Viet Cong were less than a mile from the town. In the dark before dawn, monsoon clouds hung wet and heavy over Quangngai, but there was

just enough room for a flight of C-123 "flareships" to sweep in under the ceiling and illuminate the area. They were followed by F-100 Super Sabres, Skyraiders and helicopters, which lashed the perimeter with rockets, napalm, and cannon fire. Nonetheless, 500 government troops were killed at Bagia.

Ilyushins for Hanoi. Barely had the shock of the disaster worn off than the Viet Cong struck again—this time at Lethanh, a district capital in mountainous Pleiku province. In the initial assault, the Reds overran the town, held it for three hours while other Viet Cong units ambushed three relief convoys in succession at almost the same spot on the highway. The toll: 106 government soldiers dead, 20 wounded or missing. Other Viet Cong traps clanged shut near Kontum and Qui Nhon, and a full battalion of Reds struck the town of Binhchanh, just ten miles west of Saigon. The defending Ranger company was saved by armed U.S. helicopters, but the very fact that the Communists could mount a battalion-sized assault that close to the capital left many military men shaken.

The Reds took their lumps too—particularly when U.S. air and sea power could be brought to bear. When the Viet Cong probed the new U.S. airbase and port facility at Chu Lai, they were beaten back by U.S. marines and the 8-in. guns of the U.S.S. *Canberra*, a Seventh Fleet cruiser. Near Danang, the critical base below the 17th parallel where most of the U.S. air strikes at North Viet Nam originate, a sharp assault by the Reds was blunted by Marine Corps fire.

At the same time, U.S. Navy and Air Force jets kept up their pounding of targets to the north. Barracks and PT boats, radar stations and ammo dumps caught the brunt of the aerial assault; and the bomb-line boomed ever closer to Hanoi. U.S. planes struck within 45 miles of the North Vietnamese capital, as if to challenge the half-dozen Soviet Ilyushin-28 jet bombers discovered by high-flying U.S. reconnaissance planes late last month and at present sitting idly at Phucyen, just northwest of Hanoi. U.S. officials assume that the planes are Russian-piloted and represent Moscow's fulfillment—along with three anti-aircraft missile sites under construction near the capital—of Premier Aleksei Kosygin's February pledge to give material aid to Ho Chi Minh. The Ilyushins are slow (580 m.p.h.) and they pack a light bomb load; still they could reach South Viet Nam.

Sampons & Green Slime. But the possibility of air attack remained a secondary consideration to the embattled Americans in Viet Nam. To begin with, there were political troubles aplenty in Saigon, where Catholic rioters took to the streets in protest against Premier



SOUTH VIETNAMESE DEAD AT QUANGNGAI
Some who surrendered were disembowled.

Phan Huy Quat, whom they accuse of pro-Buddhist leanings. Cops fired into the air—and a bit lower—while the demonstrators burned an official car. But for all the sound and fury, the military problem stood foremost. The air support that saved the day at Quangnai and Binhchanh cannot be counted on in the rainy weeks ahead, when monsoonal cloud ceilings will touch the roof of the highland jungles. For much of each day during the next few months it will be a ground war, with the weather favoring the hit-and-run tactics of the lightly equipped Communists. With the rains beginning in South Viet Nam, small streams are already swelling into muddy torrents that will soon wash out bridges and roads.

Throughout the Mekong Delta, trunk canals and irrigation ditches are filling, and Viet Cong units will soon be back to a favorite mode of transportation: elusive sampans. The riot of rain-fed foliage in the jungles and swamps provides better concealment for the Red guerrillas, while battle-weary government troops are compelled to slog through waist-deep mud. To both sides the monsoon brings misery: boats and web belts rot, weapons rust even under oleothel, leeches drop from wet branches, and a thin green slime covers everything.

To win in these nightmarish conditions will take tough, well-trained troops, and last week the U.S. and its allies were quietly preparing such a force. A token group of Australian infantrymen last week took station at Bienhoa airbase—part of a joint 1,000-man Australian-New Zealand contribution to the war effort. Two thousand South Koreans are already in Viet Nam, and Seoul still echoes with rumors of another 15,000-man South Korean combat force being readied for Viet Nam service.

Practice on the Killing Ground. More important, evidence was mounting that the U.S. will soon commit its own foot soldiers to battle. In an "exercise" on the fringes of Red-held "Zone D," 40 miles northeast of Saigon, 2,000 U.S. paratroopers engaged the Viet Cong tentatively in order to test tactics and weapons for possible battles ahead. The 9,000 U.S. marines around Danang are probing ever deeper into Red-held territory, last week killed 22 Reds in scattered fights. "The time will come when they will play their role," said a senior officer in Saigon.

When they do, they will be backed up by a regimental combat team of 7,800 U.S. marines already en route to Okinawa as a "forward reserve," while additional U.S. Army troops are ready to move in and protect the ports of Nhatrang and Quinon. Should the Viet Cong monsoon offensive grow truly monstrous, the additional muscle of an entire Army division (15,000 men) might be thrown into the battle. It all depends on the Viet Cong—and the weather.



LAOS

The Silent Sideshow

What ever became of the chaos in Laos? Last year at this time the pro-Communist Pathet Lao were strutting lumpy across the Plain of Jars in their dun-colored uniforms, proudly triumphant over the "neutralist" forces of General Kong Le and threatening to overrun the entire country. To be sure, the Pathet Lao are still there—and stronger than ever. According to U.S. officials, the Laotian Reds have been bolstered by 10,000 North Vietnamese troops. But with the monsoon already hampering military operations, they have failed for the first time since 1960 to mount a spring offensive.

Rico & Rifles. The main reason is U.S. escalation of the war in neighboring Viet Nam. U.S. jets, striking out of Thailand, Danang and the Gulf of Tonkin at supply routes from the north, have kept the Pathet Lao pinned down. Since North Viet Nam considers Laos a sideshow anyhow, the Laotian Communists recently have had short shrift in supplies from Hanoi.

What is more, the anti-Communist Laotian armies of Kong Le and rightist General Kousprath Abhay have finally learned to fight effectively together. A joint operation not only cleared and

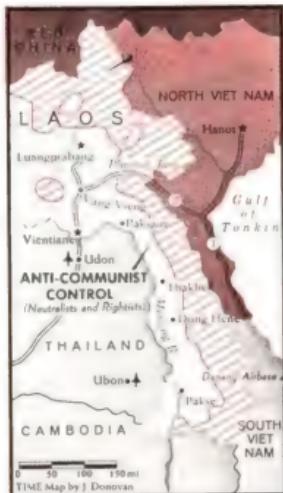
held the northern sector of the Vientiane-Luangprabang road (see map) but has produced more than 300 Pathet Lao defectors as well.

Unlike their Viet Cong comrades in South Viet Nam, the Pathet Lao are a conventional fighting force equipped with trucks and armored cars that bog down in the monsoon mud. Moreover, the Laotian anti-Communists now have effective insurgent bands afield in Red territory. They consist mainly of 6,000 American-supplied Meo tribesmen, tough little primitives skilled in the savage techniques of ambush and night assault. Meo loyalty has been sealed by a U.S. airlift of rice (\$6,500,000 worth this year alone), which feeds 160,000 tribesmen. Along with the kernels come rifles, grenades and ammunition to replace the traditional Meo crossbows.

Votes & the Red Prince. If things are going well militarily in Laos, they are as hazy as ever politically. Neutralist Premier Souvanna Phouma must deal with a country half occupied by Communists, half hung up on the political bickering of the anti-Communists. Souvanna has survived three major attempts to overthrow his government in the past four months, and rightist bands loyal to exiled Deputy Premier Phoumi Nosavan—in Thailand since February's coup attempt—still prowl the countryside between Pakse and Thakhek. But stately, smooth Souvanna is far from panicky. Sucking his pipe, he steps gingerly through the subtle maze of Laotian politics, playing the delicate game of nods, winks and selective handshakes. At a recent Soviet reception, Souvanna greeted his Russian hosts warmly, then whisked carefully past the Red Chinese and North Vietnamese to shake hands with the British, French and U.S. ambassadors.

For Souvanna, a current topic of conversation is the National Assembly elections scheduled for July 18. Under the constitution governing Laos' tripartite regime, the current Assembly mandate expired in April. In the coming elections, some 19,000 government officials, army officers, village headmen and merchants will choose Assembly candidates put up by the three parties. Then King Savang Vatthana will nominate 59 from that list to fill the new Assembly. The Pathet Lao are entitled to present their own candidates, but Red Prince Souphanouvong—the other Deputy Premier—has already denounced the process as illegal. Souphanouvong just might take the opportunity to add to the problems of Souvanna—his half brother—by formally walking out of the government in which he already takes no practical part. That would finally wipe out the precarious balance established at Geneva in 1962.

Girls & Sewing Machines. It is Vientiane's unique charm to be riding the crest of an economic boomlet as political disaster perpetually surrounds it. Indian and Chinese shops are stocked



with Scotch whisky, Benares silks, Dior perfumes and Max Factor cosmetics. But under it all lurks the perennial mood of *bo peng nhan* (it doesn't matter), scurilous pi-dogs howl their way past open drains, and the sidewalks under the glittering shop windows are perilous with potholes.

Progress is more evident at Vang Vieng, the vital crossroads town 75 miles north of Vientiane where Kong Le maintains his 8,000-man neutralist army. When Kong Le moved in last year, after being pushed off the Plain of Jars by the Pathet Lao, Vang Vieng was a jumble of wrecked trucks, shattered huts and rusty barbed wire. Now tidy, white-washed barracks climb the hills around Vang Vieng's 4,500-ft. airstrip (recently resurfaced by U.S. aid), and a small sawmill snarls busily, cutting planks for a new school, shops and houses for 2,000 Meo refugees who fled when their villages were occupied by the Pathet Lao.

Some rightist officers—including Kouprasith—are still suspicious of Kong Le for accepting Russian tanks and artillery in 1960-61. And the tough little general's relations with Premier Souvanna are far from smooth. When the two were invited to Indonesia's Bandung anniversary seven weeks ago, Souvanna tried to keep Kong Le at home, knowing that Indonesia would like nothing better than to woo his neutralist general with offers of arms and aid. Indonesia's President Sukarno threw everything at him, including bare-breasted Balinese dancers and bushels of flowers. But Kong Le took care of himself: he refused the offer of guns, danced with the girls—and accepted a pair of sewing machines for his tailor shops at Vang Vieng.

GREAT BRITAIN

Close Votes & Dark Omens

A Labor M.P. under the pressure of Harold Wilson's majority of three, lives in a state of virtual siege these days. The siege castle, of course, includes those pleasant precincts of the Palace of Westminster where a barbershop, showers, a gym, restaurants and a wine cellar exist. Nonetheless, from Monday through Thursday, Wilson's members are hostages against the dread possibility of a sudden vote in Commons in which the government might not be able to muster its slim majority—and thus might conceivably be toppled from power. Only when "paired" with an absent Tory M.P., can a Laborite be excused during the sessions, which sometimes run all night. Otherwise he must stay within sprinting distance of the Commons' doors, which are locked exactly seven minutes after a division bell sounds.

"Resign!" Labor's worst fears nearly materialized one night last week on an amendment to the finance bill. When the division bell sounded, Labor's Postmaster-General, Anthony Wedgwood Benn, was showing a friend the Commons crypt—one spot where no bell sounds. Another backbencher, Michael English, was working on a research project in the basement, where he had arranged to be telephoned; the switchboard was jammed. Parliamentary Secretary Norman Pentland was chatting with a friend when he heard the clangor, deciding to finish his conversation, he arrived just as the Commons doors were slammed in his face.

As easily as that, Labor's three-vote majority was gone. The House was unaware of what had happened until the vote was announced: 281 for, 281 against. After a stunned moment of disbelief, the Tories began to shout, "Resign! resign!" Shadow Chancellor Edward Heath leaped to his feet to proclaim, "It is quite apparent the government is in no position to carry on its business. Send for the Prime Minister—wherever he may be!"

Wherever Harold Wilson was, he was not needed. Following custom in a tie, the chairman voted with the government, and on the next division Labor mustered a majority of five. Even if Labor had actually lost the vote, Wilson could have called for a vote of confidence and won it: neither Labor nor the Conservatives are, in fact, ready for a new election yet.

Nihilistic Genius. Still, the tie was a reminder of how close Wilson's government is to the edge of power—and there are signs of some dissatisfaction in Britain with Wilson's stewardship. Wilson's economic policy has not yet righted sterling nor has it had its impact on modernizing the British economy (see **WORLD BUSINESS**). Little of Wilson's legislative program has been successful, and what many Britons remember best are the new taxes on cigarettes, liquor

and car licenses, which produced the biggest boost in the average Briton's cost of living in a decade. Declared the *Economist*, which strongly supported Wilson in last October's election: the current economic state is "an achievement of nihilistic genius after seven months of Labor's economic planning . . . Three times round has gone Labor's gallant ship. How soon does it sink to the bottom of the sea?"

NATO

Tidying the War Room

Apologists for NATO are wont to find proof of the Alliance's vitality in the quantity of discord it can contain without actually flying apart. By that negative measure, NATO was positively brimming with health as its defense ministers met in Paris last week. They came armed with bulging portfolios of grievances—and never opened them.

British Defense Minister Denis Healey, for example, would dearly like to withdraw one-fifth of Britain's 53,000-man Army of the Rhine. Nearly everyone was mad at France for its recent announcement that it will not participate in next year's "Falex" exercise to test the Alliance's communications. NATO's burning issue remains the quest for some form of nuclear sharing, whether Britain's ANF proposal, the U.S.-German MLF scheme or De Gaulle's *NON!* Above all, NATO is exercised over De Gaulle's threat to pull France out of the Alliance entirely in 1969, when the treaty expires. But not one of these nettlesome issues was directly discussed in Paris. The outcome: a "harmonious meeting."

There was some tidying of the war room. Created in 1949 as a bulwark against a Russian ground invasion of Western Europe, NATO for most of its existence has been unrealistically committed to the goal of 30 divisions in Europe backed up by stockpiled sup-



HEALEY & McNAMARA IN PARIS
ANF, or MLF, or NON?



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At first, most people drink Seagram's V.O. only on special occasions. Then, as their fortunes improve, they make V.O. their regular whisky. That's because V.O. does what no other whisky can. It defines smooth once and for all. Light? Of course. (If you haven't made it yet, cheer up. You've got something to look forward to!)

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plies sufficient to support them through 90 days of combat. At slightly more than 26 divisions today, NATO is the closest it has ever come to that goal. For the first time, the ministers openly admitted what most Europeans had privately felt for some time—that, as one diplomat put it, "the idea of a full-scale conventional war has gone out the window. A war would never last more than three days without nuclear weapons being used." NATO's force goals are to be reappraised accordingly.

Denying rumors from Germany that the U.S. was considering withdrawal of its nuclear weapons from Europe, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara asserted: "In 1961 I reported that there were literally thousands of warheads on European soil. They have continued to increase, and twelve months from today the number will be 100% higher than in 1961." McNamara proposed the creation of a defense ministers' committee to set up an improved consultation procedure on the use of nuclear weapons—in effect, a "hot-line" network to replace the present dangerously slow diplomatic channels. The members would presumably be the U.S., Britain, West Germany—and France, if De Gaulle could be persuaded to participate. The proposal was clearly aimed at encouraging just that, and the French promised noncommittally to study the idea.

ITALY

Seduced & Amended

It is a little hard to imagine Lyndon Baines Johnson staking his Administration's prestige over recent performances by Carroll Baker or Kim Novak. But in the land that produced Sophia Loren and Gina Lollobrigida, the movie industry is seen in a deeper perspective. Last week the uneasy coalition government of Christian Democratic Premier Aldo Moro was threatened with a crisis over censorship of the cinema.

Recently the Vatican, mostly through its daily, *L'Observatore Romano*, has been lambasting the nudity and immorality in Italian movies. *Marriage Italian Style* was bad enough, but a worse offender now is a current box-office success called *Le Bambole* (The Dolls), which features Gina Lollobrigida playing a bored wife who falls for the nephew of a bishop attending the Vatican's Ecumenical Council. Her efforts to seduce him succeed only after a daring striptease before the keyhole of his connecting room and a final confrontation at a distant rendezvous, where she awaits him gingerly clutching a bed sheet. This week a Roman magistrate will hale Gina, along with Producer Giovanni Lucari, into court to answer charges of violating Article 528 of the penal code, banning immoral exhibitions.

Hoping to please the Vatican, some Christian Democratic Deputies, over the



GINA IN 'LE BAMBOLE'

Under the bed sheet, a double bind.

objections of their coalition partners, the Socialists, introduced an amendment to a bill providing subsidies to Italian film makers. The amendment required subsidized movies to "exhibit respect for the ethical and social principles on which the Constitution is based." To everyone's astonishment, the amendment was adopted by a vote of 219 to 195, with the aid of the Monarchs and neo-Fascists, but mainly because more than 100 Communists, Socialists and Liberals (conservatives), all of whom were against the bill, happened to be away from Parliament when the vote was taken—possibly at the movies.

The bill now goes to the Senate, where the Christian Democrats, Monarchs and neo-Fascists have 150 out of 320 seats, and Premier Moro is in a double bind. If the bill becomes law, Socialist Vice Premier Pietro Nenni may carry out his threat to walk out of the coalition and bring down the government. If Moro amends the amendment, back to the bill's original text, he will offend the Vatican.

WEST GERMANY

Ghosts of Weimar

Angry pacifists rampage through the streets of Frankfurt, Hamburg and Munich in protest against West German membership in NATO. The CIA reports that they will burn down barracks of foreign troops next day. Though West German police cannot cope, Chancellor Erhard's Cabinet decides not to call out the army. The U.S., French and British ambassadors meet, proclaim a state of emergency, dissolve the Bundestag and jail the Cabinet.

Fantastic? The situation, perhaps—but, due to a curious anachronism, the

solution would be perfectly legal. Under the 1955 Bonn Convention, in which the Allies recognized West Germany's sovereignty, the three powers retained the right not only to occupy Berlin but also to declare a state of emergency in West Germany and rule by decree, if necessary, to ensure the security of their forces. The Allies agreed to relinquish this right only when the Bonn government enacted its own "emergency legislation."³ The trouble is, Bonn still has not done it.

The reason for the delay is rooted in still more ancient history. The Christian Democrats have proposed emergency legislation three times in the past eleven years, but since it would amount to a constitutional revision, they need a two-thirds majority in the Bundestag to enact it. Willy Brandt's Social Democrats have always opposed the bills, partly because they disagreed with various clauses, but mainly because of the implacable opposition of the trade unions to the whole idea. Union leaders are still haunted by memories of 1933, when Adolf Hitler, upon the famous pretext of the Reichstag fire, used Article 48, the emergency provision of the Weimar Republic's constitution, to suspend constitutional guarantees and turn the Weimar Republic into the Third Reich.

This year the Social Democrats decided to ignore the unions and work out a compromise emergency bill with the Christian Democrats. Within weeks, the bipartisan effort was near success. Prospects looked so good, in fact, that the German Trade Union Federation came out sternly against the bill, and the 1,900,000-member Metal Workers Union called for protest demonstrations. Reluctant to risk the loss of those precious votes in next September's national election, the Socialists lamely backed down and announced they would not vote for the bill after all.

GHANA

Civics Lesson in Accra

Until now, no "progressive" (one-party) people's democracy has been complete without a) periodic elections in which 99.44% of the electorate enthusiastically vote in favor of a single list of candidates; and b) a parliament consisting of party leaders and other carefully selected citizens who can be

³ Also retained by the Allies, under the same arrangement: the exclusive right to tap telephone and telegraph wires and sample mail—privileges that have proved invaluable in keeping tabs on the free world's largest (16,000 to 20,000) network of Communist agents.

: Example: In Poland last week, 460 members of Parliament were chosen from a list (National Unity Front) with 616 names in all, and voters were permitted to cross out names of candidates they did not like. First Party Secretary Wladyslaw Gomulka was re-elected by 99.3% of the vote in his constituency, while Premier Jozef Cyrankiewicz scored a mere 94.4%.

depended on to debate, then dutifully approve, the legislation put before it by the regime. Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah, however, is an innovator; he has finally found a way to get the parliament without the election.

Early this year, Nkrumah arranged to have 99.9% of the electorate approve a one-party constitution, and he dissolved Parliament elected before Ghana gained independence eight years ago. His Convention People's Party then nominated 198 illustrious candidates (including U.N. Delegate Alex Quaison-Sackey and Margaret Marie, secretary of the Women's Council), and last week Nkrumah simply declared them all elected—for lack of opposition. Explained *Spark*, the party weekly: "This will be an object lesson to all Africa on how democracy is organized and made to work smoothly and effectively under a one-party state."

KENYA

"Why We Reject Communism"

Like many other leaders of new African nations, President Jomo Kenyatta has not found it easy to steer a middle course between East and West. His job has not been made easier by the activities of his own Vice President, Oginga Odinga, who admits that "Communism is like food to me" and has been traveling through the countryside heaping Red-tinged scorn on Kenyatta's ties with the West.

Last week things reached a climax of sorts when Odinga, in his first direct attack on his President, rose at a rally on the shore of Lake Victoria to declare that Kenyatta had fallen under imperialist influence and was all but taking his orders from the U.S. and Britain. It brought an outraged response from Kenyatta's Cabinet ministers, who called the attack "cheap politics" and "calculated to further the cause of Communism." Five party leaders, already angered by Odinga's role in Communist arms imports (*TIME*, April 23), signed a petition demanding his resignation from the government.

At first Kenyatta kept his counsel. Then he fired Odinga as chief Kenya delegate to this month's British Commonwealth Conference, and rose to speak about his young nation's direction.

"Let me say it quite plainly today that Kenya shall not exchange one master for a new master," Kenyatta declared. "We welcome cooperation and assistance, but we shall not be bought or blackmailed. We may be underdeveloped and our people may walk barefoot, but we are a proud people, proud of our heritage, our traditions and ancestry."

"Some people deliberately try to exploit the colonial hangover for their own selfish purposes, or in order to serve some external force. We must reject such people publicly. It is naive to think that there is no danger of imperialism from the East. In world



NYERERE & CHOU AT AIRPORT
Reluctant to get stung.

power politics, the East has as many designs on us as the West. This is why we reject Communism. To us, Communism is as bad as imperialism. What we want is Kenya nationalism. There is no place for leaders who hope to build a nation of slogans."

The audience on Nairobi's Harambee Avenue broke into wild cheers, and beside Kenyatta, Oginga Odinga stared glumly ahead.

TANZANIA

"Why We Guard Against Subversion"

The airport road into Dar es Salaam is usually clogged with herds of hump-backed Boran cattle, handsome women in gaudy cloth, and barbers in nightclubs who playfully ply their razors in open shade beneath the flame trees. Last week that casual character changed. At the beginning of the nine-mile route, cadres of the Tanzanian People's Defense Force stood tauntly at attention, carrying shiny new Chinese automatic rifles. Cliques of cheering Africans waved Chinese Communist flags and chanted: "Chou En-lai! Chou En-lai!" Riding along the route in an open Rolls-Royce beside heaving President Julius Nyerere, Red China's Premier must have felt pleased. Then Africa caught up with him.

Halfway along the route, a waving welcome in a roadside tree stuck his hand into a bee hive, loosing a swarm of stingers that rapidly dispersed the crowd. Apiphobia spread—both literally and figuratively. That night, at the state banquet in Diamond Jubilee Hall, President Nyerere also indicated a reluctance to get stung. Coolly thanking Chou for the \$45 million in Chinese aid pledges Tanzania has accepted (but not yet received), Nyerere declared: "We have to guard the sovereignty and integrity of our united republic against any who wish to take advantage of our current need in order to get control over us . . . from no quarter shall we

accept direction, and at no time shall we lower our guard against subversion. Neither our principles, our country, nor our freedom to determine our own future is for sale."

It gave Chou something to ponder before buzzing off to other African capitals.

THE CONGO

Arrows to Heaven

For the 106 European hostages still held by the Simbas in the Buta area north of Stanleyville, life had not been too bad. Although they had been bypassed by the mercenary-led columns that had cleared most of the rest of the northeast Congo, their captors had treated them well. The rebel commander ordered his Simbas not to molest them, and many of the Europeans still lived in their own houses. Some, after giving their word of honor that they would return to Buta, were permitted brief visits to government-held towns. The commander even allowed one Belgian nun to go on home leave—on condition that she bring him back a new uniform from Brussels.

Final Drive. But all the while, one chilling fact was predominant: the Simbas were keeping the whites as hostages against the inevitable mercenary march. "I don't want to make you martyrs," Rebel Chief Christophe Gbenye confided to them in April, "but if the Congolese army attacks Buta, I'm going to send you to heaven like arrows."

The Tshombe government did its best to keep them on earth. Messages were passed back and forth via hostages on leave from Buta. Belgian emissaries negotiated frantically with rebel leaders in the nearby Central African Republic. As the final drive got under way, Congolese B-26s carpeted the rebel area with leaflets offering the Simbas their lives if they would only lay down their arms "and surrender all hostages." In a final effort to save them, Mercenary

Commander Lieut. Colonel Mike Hoare ordered his twin commander columns to dash straight to Buta—in hopes of surprising the Simbas before they could act.

Fall of Buta. It was a tactic that had worked often in the past, but last week it failed. At Likati, a village 65 miles from Buta, Hoare's men ran into three Portuguese hostages—all impaled on spears. Nine other Europeans lay dead or dying along the road. When the columns rolled into Buta, the rebels had already fled and only eleven survivors were anywhere to be found. Two nights earlier, the Simbas had thrown 31 Belgian and Dutch priests to the crocodiles. Militarily, the operation was a success: Hoare lost only four men in wiping out the last large pocket of Simba territory. But in all, it had cost the lives of at least 52 hostages, and 42 others had vanished with the Simbas into the jungle. "I'm very, very sorry," said Premier Moise Tshombe, who was in the middle of a fund-raising tour of Europe, "but we did all we could."

NIGERIA

The Day They Banned The Mammy Wagons

The roads are lined with their rusting skeletons. Birds in the surrounding bush fall silent when they pass, and drivers of lesser vehicles pull over to the side in terror. In all of West Africa there is no more frightening sight than a herd of wide-open mammy wagons, stuffed to the rafters with merchants, housewives, babies, calabashes and live chickens, careening toward the next town at full stampede.

Hope & Challenge. Nor is there any more common sight. Mammy wagons, named for the bright-robed market women who ride them and driven by tough freewheelers appropriately known as "maulers," are West Africa's principal means of travel. Usually ancient pickup trucks fitted out with wooden roofs and benches, they hide

their precarious mechanical condition under garishly painted hoods. Their cabs often bear a motto full of hope ("God Never Sleeps"), African fatalism ("No Condition Is Permanent"), challenge ("Let Me Try Again"), or simple pious appeal ("Amen").

So low are their rates (average fare from one town to the next: 12¢) that the maulers refuse to move until every seat is filled—then stop at nothing in order to beat the competition for the passengers waiting in the next town. Ignoring traffic laws, they steam down the center of narrow highways at 60 m.p.h. or more, bully their way through city traffic by such tactics as pulling into the path of oncoming cars, cut across traffic lanes at will to stop for passengers. Yet they are part of the very fabric of society, and last week, when the Lagos city council ordered police to enforce laws banning them from the capital's clogged streets, the maulers and their mammy wagons became the heroes of all Nigeria.

Jeering & Footsore. The city's idea was to turn the business over to the municipal bus system, which, as it turned out, had far too few vehicles to handle the trade. The ban stranded thousands of commuters who had no other way to get to work. Lagos' streets were immediately jammed with baby-toting mammy lugging pails of smoked fish, fu-fu rolls and other pungently perishable delicacies to market in the 100° heat. The pedestrians were the only things moving. Angry maulers used their mammy wagons to blockade all entrances to the city, slashed the tires of the big municipal buses and pulled them across downtown intersections. The result was a monstrous traffic jam that completely paralyzed traffic for nine sweltering, swearing hours.

When police, using riot gas and billy clubs, tried to clear the streets, their way was blocked by jeering, footsore mobs—who promptly moved back into place every bus the cops succeeded in pushing off the road. Finally, the army was called out, but its troops proved no more effective: the only way they could get from one riot to another was by helicopter. Faced with absolute chaos, the city council took the only possible step: it humbly rescinded its order and opened the streets once again to the savage fleet.

single agenda item, "We must face facts today and not close our eyes," Nasser declared. "Today each Arab state is afraid of the others. We are beset by suspicions, contradictions and distrust." This was confession enough, but the bombshell was still to come. Since the Arab states were not strong enough militarily to defend their planned diversion of the headwaters of the Jordan River, declared Nasser, "then I say: let us postpone the diversion. We must provide for Arab defense before we can carry out our ultimate goal and liberate Palestine."

The delegates received this heresy in stunned silence. Said one: "If anyone else had said what Nasser said today, Arabs would have branded him a traitor to the cause. But Nasser says it, and we accept it." Not everyone agreed. The Baathist regime in Syria persisted in calling for mass action against Israel. At a Damascus rally, Syrian Strongman Amin Hafez sneered at Nasser as "the self-proclaimed pioneer of Arab nationalism." Cried Hafez: "What is he waiting for? I went to the first Arab summit 18 months ago under the impression that the conference would lay down plans to liberate Palestine. Instead we were faced with a plan to divert the Jordan waters. Now we are told even this is impossible. Is this the mark of a successful leader?"

Gunned Tractors. But Nasser had already made a withering reply in his Cairo speech: "Our Syrian brothers say, 'Let us attack Israel tomorrow or the day after.' Israel has attacked Syria's diversion projects. But if Israel attacks Syria, do I attack Israel? That means letting Israel set the time for the battle. But is this the wise course? Is it logical that I attack Israel when there are 50,000 Egyptian soldiers in Yemen?"

Nasser was talking sense, for once again guns were firing and people dying along Israel's tense frontier. It remained to be seen if the Arab world would listen—and if Nasser really meant it.



SYRIA'S HAFEZ
Liberate Palestine!



EGYPT'S NASSER
Attack Israel?

MIDDLE EAST

Heresy in Cairo

The 400 delegates to the Palestine Liberation Organization's National Assembly in Cairo could hardly believe their ears. From President Gamal Abdel Nasser, they had expected the usual blood-and-thunder oratory they have heard from Arab leaders for the past 17 years—a harangue on the need to wipe Israel off the face of the earth.

Unclosed Eyes. Instead, Nasser reminded his listeners of the disastrous Arab summit meeting (TIME, June 4), which failed to reach agreement on a

THE HEMISPHERE

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Responsibility & Deadlock

The initials were printed on arm-bands and steel helmets, on flags and on the hoods of patrolling Jeeps. "OEA," the Spanish abbreviation for the Organization of American States, signaled a growing hemispheric presence and new responsibility in the scarred city of Santo Domingo.

In seven weeks of sporadic fighting and tortured negotiations, the U.S., acting largely alone, had managed to im-

mediately, Johnson ordered the last 2,100 marines out, leaving 12,500 U.S. paratroopers and 1,560 troops from Brazil, Costa Rica, Honduras and Nicaragua, plus a 6,500-man U.S. Navy task force offshore.

Alvim called on both loyalists and rebels to "demonstrate democratic and humanitarian understanding by finding a dignified formula for the re-establishment of a lasting peace." That was obviously a long way off, but to underscore his message, General Alvim sent a battalion of Brazilian infantrymen to

election. Imbert ruled out himself and members of his junta as candidates, agreed that all previously recognized political parties could enter candidates. This meant that Joaquin Balaguer, 57, who served as President before and after the death of Dictator Rafael Trujillo, could run, as well as Antonio Guzman, the Minister of Agriculture under deposed President Juan Bosch—and even Bosch himself, if he ever chooses to leave his Puerto Rican exile.

Imbert's decision cut the ground from under Caamaño, who claims that he is fighting for a return to democracy. At the news of Imbert's agreement, Caamaño muttered: "It's a fairy tale." He flatly refused to participate in new elections, still demanded a return to the 1963 constitution—which means that Caamaño would serve out the remaining two years of Bosch's term. Ignored was the technicality that the 1963 constitution forbids military officers from holding office. "First," cried Caamaño, "the revolution's goal must be fulfilled. After that we can talk about elections."

To some Americans this sounded like a rerun of Fidel Castro's old tango—and the scenes in the rebel-held area of downtown Santo Domingo did little to dispel the impression. When OAS cars arrived outside Caamaño's headquarters, hostile crowds closed around them chanting, "With or without the OAS, we will win!" At a rally in the rebel area, he shouted to a crowd of 8,000: "We will never lose!" "Yankee out! Yankee out!" chanted the mob. The rebel newspaper Patria—Fatherland—called the Americans "the direct inheritors of the Nazism of Adolf Hitler."

When three U.S. paratroopers made a wrong turn and were captured in rebel territory, Caamaño refused to turn them over to the OAS without a witness from the United Nations. He ordered his followers not to cash OAS checks for back government pay, refused to place the cable and banking facilities in his area under OAS auspices. Throughout the week, snipers peeked away from the rebel zone, adding one more wounded to the list of 139 U.S. casualties, and several mortar shells, fired probably by Imbert's troops, hit rebel territory, killing at least two people.

Seventh Mission. To hear Caamaño tell it, one signal from him and the countryside would flare in revolt. "We have commandos throughout the entire country," he warned. "We don't want to bloody the nation, but we will use them if we have to." How much genuine strength he has outside Santo Domingo is open to question, but there was disturbing evidence of increasing rebel activity in the countryside. The fertile northern farming area of Cibao reported hit-and-run raids on army barracks. In the country's second city, Santiago, police rounded up 100 suspected rebels, seized 30,000 rounds of ammu-



PALMER, MORA & ALVIM ABOARD U.S. HELICOPTER
"You speak Spanish, General?" "I'm trying, sir."

pose a shaky truce between the loyalist forces of Brigadier General Antonio Imbert Barreras and the collection of rebellious soldiers, discontented civilians and Communist infiltrators led by Colonel Francisco Caamaño Deñó. Now the U.S. was trying hard to move into the background. It was time for Latin Americans, however reluctant, to share the burden of keeping peace and restoring some sort of workable government to the bloodied little nation.

Man in Command. At his headquarters in the Jaragua Hotel, Brazilian General Hugo Panasco Alvim, 64, took command of the 23,000-man OAS military force from U.S. Lieut. General Bruce Palmer. "I'm happy to serve under you, General," said Palmer, and there was no question that Alvim meant to run the show. "You speak Spanish, General?" asked Alvim. "I'm trying, sir," replied Palmer. "Well, you'd better learn," said Alvim.

After a look around, Alvim advised President Johnson that the situation seemed well enough in hand to withdraw more U.S. troops. Almost imme-

diately, Santo Domingo's bullet-pocked National Palace on the fringe of the rebel zone. From the first days of the civil war, the palace had been held by Imbert's loyalists, who beat off rebel attacks. Now Alvim wanted the shooting to cease. As the OAS troops marched in to guard the building, Imbert's soldiers reluctantly got into trucks and withdrew, leaving behind only a corporal's guard of 25 men.

Cutting the Ground. Until now, Imbert had been insisting on a fight to the finish against Caamaño. He was still grumbling, and so were his officers, who were itching to clean out the rebels. But after days of talk with OAS Secretary-General José Mora, Imbert at last agreed that a bloodbath was hardly the answer to the Dominican Republic's ills, accepted an OAS plan to hold new elections, possibly within the next two to three months.

"My government," answered Imbert, "is convinced that the most just and effective solution is the return to the constitutionality by means of a free election." Moreover, it would be a genuine

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nition, four machine guns, and 20 rifles. At week's end, a three-man team of OAS ambassadors—Brazil's Ilmar Penna Marinho, El Salvador's Ramón de Clairmont Dueñas and the U.S.'s Ellsworth Bunker—landed in Santo Domingo to help Secretary-General Mora in his attempts to negotiate a settlement. It was the seventh peace-seeking mission in six weeks. The hope was that Caamaño could be persuaded to agree to OAS-held elections. But at rebel headquarters, a spokesman said that Juan Bosch had just telephoned a message for Caamaño from Puerto Rico: "Have nothing to do with elections."

BRAZIL

That Man in Rio

Over the past 15 years, the loudest, most persistent and least predictable voice in Brazil has been that of Carlos Lacerda, 51, the handsome, mercurial politician now serving as governor of Guanabara state, which includes Rio. Brazilians know him as the man whose hounding attacks helped drive Dictator Getúlio Vargas to suicide in 1954. Lacerda—who started as a Communist, then swung to the right—was the severest critic of Presidents Café Filho and Juscelino Kubitschek, played a major role in pushing the erratic Jânio Quadros into resigning, and was a key civilian leader in the 1964 revolution that toppled Leftist João Goulart.

Last week Lacerda was on the march again. After first supporting the new government of President Humberto Castello Branco, he was now in violent opposition, particularly against the economic policies designed to curb Brazil's inflationary chaos.

Political Ammunition. According to Lacerda, the government is destroying Brazil, and the man primarily responsible is Economics Minister Roberto Campos, 48, a former Ambassador to the U.S. and an internationally acclaimed economist (TIME, Aug. 2). Campos, cried Lacerda, is "a mental weakling" whose plans are "leakier than

a boardinghouse showerhead." On the one hand, Lacerda accused Campos of selling out to U.S. businessmen by offering favorable deals to investors; on the other, he railed that Campos had throttled Brazil's development by imposing an unduly harsh austerity. "Instability, insecurity and disorder have been succeeded by depression, perplexity, gloom and unemployment," said Lacerda. And he added: "The price of the depression will be either dictatorship or the return of those we threw out."

Presidential elections are not scheduled until October 1966, but Lacerda is already running, and he has found his best ammunition in the government's tough but necessary campaign against inflation. Before the revolution, Brazil was headed for economic disaster with a soaring inflation approaching 100% a year. By tightening credit, freezing wages, and placing a price ceiling on many agricultural and manufactured products, Campos slowed the cost-of-living increase to barely 2.9% in May. Their confidence at last partly restored, foreign investors moved back into Brazil. Yet Brazilians have never been strong on economic discipline—and they do not like it now.

Farmers complain that the government-dictated prices are so low that it is not even worthwhile to harvest their crops. Unions gripe bitterly about low wages and increasing layoffs in the auto, appliance and textile industries. Manufacturers complain that consumers are not buying, are waiting for prices to go down farther.

The real enemy danger is that Campos' plan will slow Brazil's economy too rapidly, thus bringing a recession. And this is the fear that Lacerda plays on hardest. He describes his own, somewhat fuzzy economic plan as "a policy of development in spite of inflation." Instead of attacking inflation on all fronts, he would only cut back in certain "state-run monopolies." Rather than reduce credit, he wants to expand it, demands a salary policy that would increase consumer buying power, and

asks an end to commodity controls. Says Lacerda: "I would give more money to agriculture and more credit to industry, even if I had to print the money."

Counterattack. So far, neither Castello Branco nor Campos shows any inclination to change the government's policies substantially. Campos finally struck back sharply, calling Lacerda a man who "deliriously needs a climate of catastrophe so he can present himself as the messianic savior."

In Brasilia, Castello Branco met with Lacerda. As Lacerda tells it, he did most of the talking. "I asked the President, 'Are you prepared to become a dictator?' and he said, 'Certainly not.' Then I told him, 'If that's the way you feel, you are going to have to change your economic policies.'" Others at the meeting recall a different scene—Castello Branco pounding the table and flatly telling the rambunctious governor: "You have no right or reason to speak about the government as you do!"

In order to lessen the danger of recession, Economics Minister Campos last week did ease off a notch by putting additional funds into a road-building program and offering tax reductions to automakers. But he warned that there would be no overall change in the government's austerity program for at least another year. And he reminded Brazilians that "in spite of momentary difficulties, a relatively small price is being paid to remove the cancer of inflation."

Turning on the Power

For all its political and economic disarray, Brazil remains a huge, vigorously growing nation that is learning to take advantage of its universal resources. One day recently, President Castello Branco flew 350 miles south from Brasilia to preside over two impressive ceremonies. At a construction site on the Rio Grande River in Minas Gerais, a mighty dynamite blast signaled the start of work on the Estreito Dam, which will generate 800,000 kw. of power when it is finished in 1969. A few hours later and 44 miles away, Castello Branco witnessed the completion of Latin America's biggest hydroelectric complex: the \$186 million Furnas Dam, generating 900,000 kw.

Furnas Dam raised Brazil's generating capacity to 7,100,000 kw., double the 1960 level and more than the rest of South America. By 1970, the government will boost capacity another 60% just to stay even with the country's ever-expanding, chronically power-starved markets. Next year, when two more generators go on line, Furnas alone will grow to 1,200,000 kw. (v. 1,974,000 kw. for Grand Coulee, the U.S.'s largest hydro operation).

Half a dozen other major projects are under way, from the Boa Esperança Dam to three new dams in the frontier state of Mato Grosso. Brazilians dream of harnessing the raging Paraná River, creating a complex twelve times as big as Egypt's Aswan Dam. The Paraná's potential: 25 million kw.



LACERDA CUTTING UP AT BARBECUE

"Mental weakling" v. "messianic savior."



CAMPOS



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PEOPLE

Actor Peter Lawford, 39, and his wife Patricia Kennedy Lawford, 41, have been separated by geography for a number of months. Pat has been living on Manhattan's upper Fifth Avenue, also known as Kennedy Row, tending their three children, while her husband pursues his film career in Hollywood. Now, according to a close family source, Roman Catholics Peter and Pat have decided, after eleven years of marriage, to make the separation permanent and legal.

A shiny vinyl raincoat shielded her from the foggy, foggy dew as Folk Singer Joan Baez, 24, strummed and sang to 1,000 British pacifists who had marched behind her from London's Marble Arch to Trafalgar Square to protest the war in Viet Nam. Twanged Joan: "The Second World War, it came



JOAN BAEZ & BOMB BANNERS
Foggy do.

to an end / We overcame the Germans, and then we were friends / For their murdered six millions—in the ovens they fried / The Germans now too have God on their side." What these brutally tasteless lyrics had to do with Viet Nam was not quite clear, but the rally—staged by the recently dormant Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and the Committee of 100—did not seem to mind. Afterward the crowd fanned out toward 10 Downing Street, the U.S. embassy and the office of the Red Chinese charge d'affaires, delivering letters demanding an immediate end to practically everything.

Because 59 of the 164 graduating cadets went on to become generals, the West Point class of 1915 is known as "the class the stars fell on." Five of them, of course, fell on **Dwight D. Eisenhower**, 74, who returned to the Point last weekend to celebrate his 50th reunion, and take part in groundbreaking ceremonies for a \$110 million expansion program that will boost enrollment from 2,500 to 4,417 by 1973.

Strolling the campus, Ike found the academy unchanged "except for more equipment." Then he spotted Cadet Carl R. ("Rolie") Stichweh, who quarterbacked the Black Knights to a rousing 11-8 victory over Navy last fall. Grinned Ike: "Good game, Rolie!"

Ill lay: U.S. Treasurer Kathryn O. Granahan, 69, in serious condition following removal of a blood clot from her brain, at Fitzgerald Mercy Hospital in Upper Darby, Pa.; former Secretary of State **Christian A. Herter**, 70, in Manhattan's Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center recovering from surgery to correct a ballooning blood vessel in the abdomen; **Viscount Linley**, 3, son of Princess Margaret and the Earl of Snowdon, in London's Hospital for Sick Children, following a minor ear operation; Comedian **Mort Sahl**, 38, recuperating at his Beverly Hills home after an operation in Hollywood's Cedars of Lebanon Hospital to remove a nonmalignant growth from his larynx. "It's evolution," wrote the temporarily speechless Mort on a slip of paper, "if we don't protest enough, we lose our voices."

Beards of a feather? Not really. The beard on the new Cuban 13-centavo stamp belonged not to Fidel but to **Abraham Lincoln**, whose likeness appeared below his famous admonition: "Se puede engañar a todo el pueblo parte del tiempo, se puede engañar a parte del pueblo todo el tiempo, pero no se puede engañar a todo el pueblo todo el tiempo." The lines—more familiar to Americans as "You may fool all of the people some of the time," etc.—were obviously meant to refer to the Yanquis. Cubans may just possibly apply them to someone else.

In the Virgin Islands for five days of sun, fun and social functions, **Lady Bird Johnson** got her first taste of skindiving in the blue-green waters of Caneel Bay. When she surfaced, obviously captivated by the world below, she reported that she saw "lacy, fanlike purple shapes that looked six feet tall, and treelike objects with millions and millions of fingers like in a horror movie—but it was beautiful!" Obviously captivated, as well, were the islanders when she attended commencement exercises for the first graduating class at the College of the Virgin Islands. At one point, somebody asked her what degrees she held. Replied Lady Bird: "All I've got is a B.A.—oh, and an I.B.J."

First there were the 17 girls who were eliminated from the finals early in the week, but had to pretend they were still in the running for appearances' sake. "How could I tell him I'd already lost?" said one lovely contestant about the home-town friend who had stopped by to wish her luck. Then officials in



MISS U.S.A. & CROWNER BOONE
Babe in view.

charge of the telecast from Miami Beach pronounced Miss District of Columbia's long blonde hair unphotogenic, demanded that she have it cut and darkened. "I don't want to change what I am," wailed Miss District. She didn't—and finished fifth. After all the illusionists were done, Pat Boone finally got a chance to crown **Sue Ann Downey**, 20, a blue-eyed blonde (35-24-34) from Ohio State University, Miss U.S.A. (not to be confused with Miss America) of 1965. Among other things, the victory means \$5,000 in cash, \$5,000 in personal appearance contracts and the patriotic thrill, such as it is, of representing the U.S. in next month's Miss Universe contest.

Their trail led north from Dallas to Durant, Okla., for a quickie blood test, then back across the state line to Sherman for the license, and finally to the tiny farm town of Fate, where they were married by a justice of the peace. Only because the groom is an expert drag racer was the couple, zooming over back roads at speeds up to 75 m.p.h., able to stay ahead of pursuing newsmen. At last, back home in suburban Dallas, **Marina Oswald**, 23, widow of John Kennedy's assassin, posed briefly with her new husband, **Electronics Technician Kenneth Jess Porter**, 27, a twice-divorced father of two who met her months ago. Marina said only that she felt "wonderful" and that "I just want to be alone with my husband." The groom obliged, whisking her off for a secret honeymoon.



MARINA OSWALD & NEW MATE
Trip for two.



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ASK 

THE PRESS

REPORTING

The Use & Abuse of Anonymity

Details of a plot to sacrifice lives of American college students in an attempt to discredit U.S. foreign policy in the Caribbean were disclosed today.

—Los Angeles Herald-Examiner

Senator Richard Russell is relying on a verbal promise said to have been made in 1962 that Governor Carl Sanders won't run against him for the Senate next fall.

—Atlanta Constitution

When the news came after Pleiku, I can tell you that the whole mind and outlook of Southeast Asia changed overnight.

—Columnist Joseph Alsop

What is now probable is that the U.S. Marines will, in effect, install a new Dominican government which will be permeated with Communists at all levels.

—Columnist William F. Buckley Jr.

These assorted samples of recent news have one thing in common: they were all reported on the word of the most ubiquitous and widely quoted figure in American journalism today—a "highly placed," "highly reliable," but unidentified source. Conscientious newsmen have long distrusted such anonymous authority. "If you can't quote them, the hell with them," says Arville Schalehen, executive editor of the Milwaukee Journal—and many editors agree.

But much of today's journalism would be all but impossible without anonymous information. In Washington, where the calculated leak has become a Government tactic, the not-for-attribution story is a fact of journalistic life. Says Peter Lisagor, Washington bureau chief of the Chicago Daily News: "Any new reporter in Washington, fresh from the city hall beat where he was accustomed to putting nothing in the paper without identifying the source, will find that if he tries that here, his sources will dry up on him."

Out on a Limb. Washington reporters must master the delicate art of writing news that is offered on the record, off the record, not for attribution, or for background. They must learn how to attribute stories to a "high-level source" in the White House, the State Department or the Pentagon when it is obvious to most readers who that high-level source is. In an era of instant communication, neither the President of the U.S. nor any other high-level source can afford the dangers of hasty misinterpretation. Information that has been passed along not-for-attribution can always be explained later.

The day is past when no direct quotes were permitted at a presidential news conference. From Harry Truman's brusque "No comment" to Lyndon Johnson's lengthy circumlocutions, Presidents have learned to develop gambits for avoiding touchy subjects. But the anonymous

answer remains the most popular. And it leads on occasion to such an apparent absurdity as a New York Herald Tribune article attributing quotes from a walking presidential press conference to a "high White House official," while directly above the story appeared an Associated Press photo picturing L.B.J. and the strolling reporters.

Correspondents have learned to be wary of the anonymous Government official anxious to launch a trial balloon for some new policy. The reporter can never be sure when an official denial will leave him and his story out on a limb. Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, for example, recently attended a background dinner with reporters at which he remarked that nuclear weap-

sents a temptation to the reporter, says John Seigenthaler, editor of the Nashville Tennessean. "You get suspicious when quotes are too pat, too much in line with what the reporter or the columnist wants to say. The real danger is when a reporter or a columnist uses an anonymous quote to support his own point of view."

BROADCASTING

Specters in Perspective

The hour-long CBS special news report was offered as an analysis in depth of the Dominican revolution. And from the start there was no question about the depth of the reporters' feelings. "In an era in which the U.S. would like to be in the position of clasping hands with Latin Americans," intoned Moderator Charles Kuralt, "we are in the



CBS'S KURALT, QUINT & SEVAREID ON "WHAT WENT WRONG"

Eric's guidance: there's no form book for crises.

ons had not been ruled out for use in Viet Nam. Columnist Doris Fleeson, who was not at the dinner, got the details nonetheless. When she printed them, McNamara, following the established rules of the game, denied ever having met with reporters.

To correspondents who beef about these complex arrangements, Assistant Secretary of Defense Arthur Sylvester replies: "Sure, we will float trial balloons. Reporters should ask themselves, 'What is he giving me this for?' and decide along with their editors, 'Do we want to go along with this?' There is always the wastebasket. But there is always the competition. They might print it. The only defense is to slip in a few lines showing that it is a floater."

Air of Authority. Reporters who get in the habit of using the anonymous source for no apparent reason, are sometimes suspected of manufacturing the quote. But this kind of subterfuge is rarely necessary. Someone can usually be found to say what a reporter wants said. After that, the only purpose of anonymity is to give the quote a spurious air of authority.

The anonymous quote always pre-

position of frisking them instead. After signing with ceremony solemn covenants in which we promised not to intervene in other nations of this hemisphere, we are today intervening in the very kitchens and sitting rooms of one of them."

Reassured by Robes. Film clips gave U.S. officials—both civilian and military—a chance to state their side of the story. But loaded questions and slanted comment managed to convey the impression that the U.S. had not only bungled badly, but was operating according to some Machiavellian plan uncovered by intrepid reporting. Had the revolution been in danger of being taken over by Communists as President Johnson claimed? One CBS man had his doubts because he had seen "dozens of lawyers" among the rebels, "marching in their robes of office." Were U.S. troops neutral, as U.S. policy ordered? Film clips showed U.S. officials professing neutrality and U.S. troops apparently favoring junta forces at checkpoints. The marines, said Kuralt, "never got the word." To prove it, he showed a CBS reporter interviewing a marine. "Who are the enemy here?" "It's the

Employers



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rebels and civilians who have got ammunition and guns."

In a discussion at the end of the program, three CBS newsmen appeared on camera to sum up. Was the U.S. justified in breaking "the rules of international conduct?" asked Kuralt. Johnson's decision, answered Reporter Bert Quint, brought back "the whole specter of Yankee imperialism in Latin America. It was a decision that is making a lot of Latin Americans hate us." Then Kuralt and Quint turned for guidance to Erie Sevareid, CBS National Correspondent. And like a fatherly professor repriming wayward journalism students, Sevareid offered some corrections: "The specter of American gunboat diplomacy, I would suggest, is a much more outward specter than the very present one of Communism in this hemisphere. I don't see frankly how any President of the United States in 1963 can sit in the White House and send Americans to die against Communists across the world in Viet Nam and take any serious risk of another Communist state on your doorstep."

Agony of Power. But didn't contradictory policies "damage" the U.S. in Latin America, pleaded Kuralt. Of course they did, said Sevareid. But "I would only suggest that crises are not laid out in advance, and you're not given a form book to go by. I don't think it's possible to throw in a great force in a tiny place and handle it with exactitude, with regard to all the niceties. It is part of what's called the agony of being a great power with great responsibility. If we had not acted, you would have had either a protracted civil war with thousands killed and starvation and epidemic everywhere, or a Communist result. Then you can think how popular we'd be in Latin America, where nobody really fears the American knock on their doors at night, but they do fear Castro's men."

LEXICOGRAPHY

Words That Sizzled

Wilfred J. Funk was born to words. He reveled in them, ranked them and made a small fortune from them. A lifelong lexicographer, he was a tireless missionary for the English language, and by the time he died at 83 last week, he had succeeded in converting many others to his cherished belief: "It pays to increase your word power."

Funk made the entire nation self-conscious about its vocabulary. For 20 years he turned out a monthly column on vocabulary building for the *Reader's Digest*, and he wrote innumerable books: *30 Days to a More Powerful Vocabulary*, *25 Magic Steps to Word Power*. No pedant, he praised Walter Winchell for adding *ph-i-j-i-t* to the language, and H. L. Mencken for contributing *hoochisie*. "Simple and clear expression," he said, "is usually the difference between a sizzle and a fizzle."

Son of the founder of Funk & Wag-



Another lonely business trip? American Express asks, why?

You could have brought your wife.

It would have been a real kick, having her along, and it would have done her good to get away.

The two of you—alone for a change. That would have been nice.

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When you "Sign & Fly," your credit is unquestioned. Show your American Express Card at the airline ticket office, or at a travel agency or any American Express

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PLAN	12-MONTH CHARGE PER \$100
"Sign & Fly" service	\$6.00 (Averages 50¢ a month)
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2. Regular billing. You can also pay for your wife's ticket on your

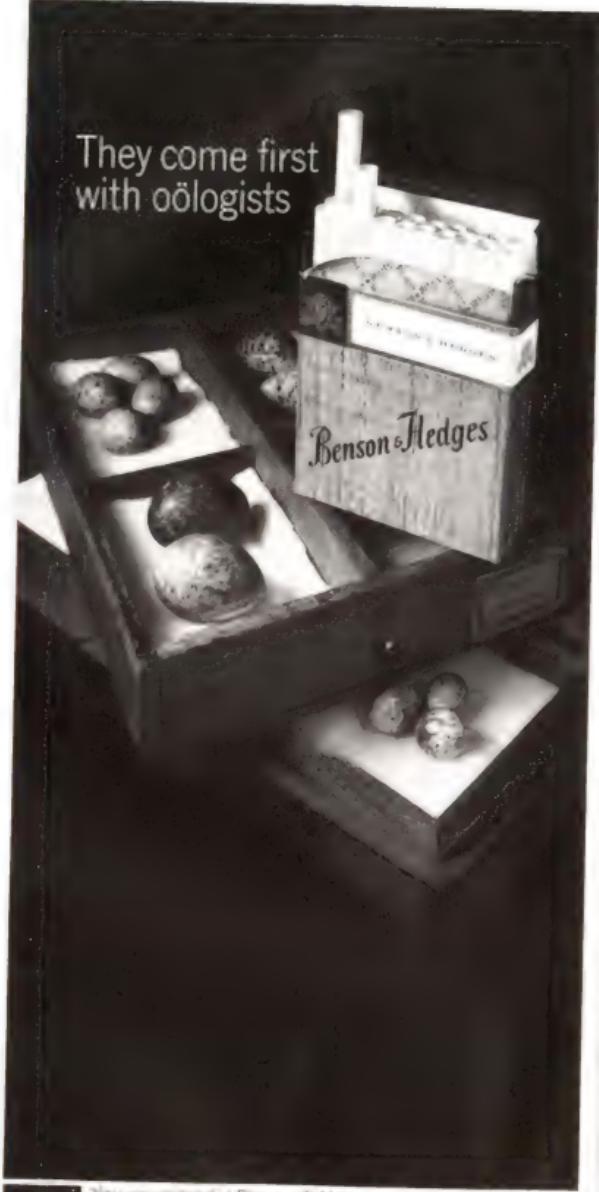
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you get more.



WILFRED J. FUNK

Praise for ph-f-f-f and booboaisie.

nals, publisher of dictionaries and encyclopedias. Funk joined the family firm after graduating from Princeton, where he was class poet and began absorbing all the world's words. He became company president in 1925, later started his own publishing house (Wilfred Funk, Inc.). He tried his hand at light verse, drew up a list of the ten most beautiful words in the English language (dawn, hush, lullaby, murmuring, tranquil, mist, luminous, chimes golden, melody) and the ten most over-worked (okay, terrific, lousy, definitely, racket, val, honey, swell, contact, impure). He even compiled a canine dictionary of 204 words that every well-bred dog should understand, ranging from a basic *siccum* to *slippers* and *woof-woof*.

In the course of his career, Funk suffered one major mishap with words. In 1936 he was made editor in chief of *Literary Digest*, Funk & Wagnalls' weekly compendium of comment on current affairs, and he promptly ran a poll that showed Alf Landon trouncing Franklin Roosevelt.

Trouble is, the *Digest* culled the telephone book for the names to be polled at a time when the country was still struggling out of the Depression. Sampling only those people wealthy enough to have phones gave an inaccurate cross-section of voters. After the election returns were in, the *Digest* was denounced by press and pollsters alike, it soon folded. But in 1948, when the pollsters predicted a Dewey victory over Truman, Funk enjoyed a belated revenge. "I do not want to seem to be malicious, but I can't help but get a good chuckle out of this."

Despite a lifelong devotion to language, Funk had no use for stylistic precision. "Let's throw the old textbooks out the window," he once wrote, "along with the words correct and in correct, because there's really no such thing as grammar, but only an ever-changing language pattern formed by everyday usage."



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Not every man cares for paisley print neckties
but show us a Scotch drinker who doesn't like
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SHOW BUSINESS

MOVIES

Bondomania

JAMES BOND IS BACK . . . TO BACK! screamed the ads and the marqueses. *Dr. No* and *From Russia with Love*, both less than three years old, were being double-billed across the U.S. In the New York area, they jammed 26 theaters, grossed \$650,000 for the week. The same crowds, the same large grosses in Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Los Angeles and Washington; at the drive-ins, traffic rivaled the commuting hour.

What makes the box-office figures the more astonishing is that both films are grossing nearly as much the second time around as the first. Sparking the revival is the success of *Goldfinger*, the third Bond film, still finishing its first run and heading for a gross that now seems likely to reach \$30 million. Nor is Bondomania restricted to the U.S. In England, all three films broke box-office records, and Ian Fleming's last book, the posthumous *Man with the Golden Gun*, has already climbed to the top of the bestseller list.

\$100 Million Take. There seems to be no geographical limit to the appeal of sex, violence and snobbery with which Fleming endowed his British secret agent. In Tokyo, the queue for *Goldfinger* stretches half a mile. In Brazil, where *From Russia* broke all Rio and São Paulo records, one unemployed TV actor had only to change his name to Jaime Bondé to be swamped with offers. In Beirut, where *Goldfinger* outdrew *My Fair Lady*, even *Goldfinger's* hat-hurling bodyguard, Oddjob, has become a minor hero.

To date, in hard cover and paperbacks, Bond books have been read by some 30 million, and United Artists estimates that 25 million have seen Bond in reel life. By the time all three current Bond films have been milked dry, the take may top \$100 million.

Gadgets Galore. The fact that James Bond has developed into the biggest mass-cult hero of the decade has given serious pause to such as Britain's Novelist Kingsley Amis who ranks Fleming "with those denigrants of an earlier day, Jules Verne, Rider Haggard and Conan Doyle"; and to Columbia's Jacques Barzun, who deplores "the studies by academic critics who have argued over Fleming's morals and philosophies."

British Columnist Malcolm Muggeridge is also appalled. While admitting that Bond's "instant appeal to attractive women, his dash and daring and smartness combined with toughness, make him every inch a hero of our time," he also notes that "insofar as one can focus on so shadowy and unreal a character, he is utterly despicable: obsequious to his superiors, pretentious in his tastes, callous and brutal in his ways, with strong undertones of sadism, and an unspeakable cad in his relations with

women, toward whom sexual appetite represents the only approach."

What Fleming's literary critics overlook is that in transferring Bond from fiction to film, and endowing him with all the attributes of Scottish-born Actor Sean Connery, a new twist has been added. Says Chief Scriptwriter Richard Maibaum in the current *Esquire*: "The common denominator is deadpan spoofing. We know it, the audience knows it, yet they are perfectly willing to alternately believe and disbelieve what is happening on the screen." To help illusion along, there are not only gadgets galore—Bond's tricked up Aston-Martin is now a main attraction at the New

nival parade for background shots that laid up half the island with hangovers, invited over the whole jet set from Palm Beach for other background shots, and built the "Kiss Kiss Club" on Huntington Hartford's Paradise Island with such style that one old Nassauian remarked, "Best damned nightclub on the island. They should have left it there." But it all left Connery himself on the blah side. "There's an awful lot of this stuff," he grumbled. "Next they'll be making *Son of . . .* It's got so one needs the constitution of a rugby player."

Clobbered Widow. Nor is Connery backward about claiming that he has helped the James Bond image along no end. "You must realize," he says, "that Ian Fleming's books began coming out after the war and rationing and all that.



CONNERY, YOUNG & "THUNDERBALL" STARLETS IN NASSAU
Today's hero: pretentious, brutal, caddish, sadistic—and sexy.

York World's Fair—but there is also Pussy Galore, to say nothing of Tilly Masterson and her gilded sister Jill, Tatiana Romanova, and Honeychile Rider.

Bubbles by the Reef. Currently completing the next Bond film, *Thunderball*, in Nassau and London, Co-Producer Kevin McClory predicts: "In this film, James Bond will be a bigger superman than he has ever been, bigger than he ought to be." To make sure the film tops fantasy, \$1,500,000 is being sunk into underwater effects alone, including a drowned Vulcan bomber, a two-man sub with mock-up atom bombs (stenciled "Handle like eggs") tucked under its manta-ray wings, eight SPECTRE henchmen skimming through the water on jet-powered underwater scooters. There will even be underwater sex, although all the cameras will show is bubbles merging by a reef.

Such goings on have had Nassau in an uproar for weeks. The company staged an out-of-season *Junkanoo* car-

and they had all this selectivity of detail of eating and drinking. It was marvelous journalism. But Ian told me it was nothing but padding. You know, vodka must be shaken and not stirred, that kind of razzmatazz. But he did write with a bit of size." The only thing the Fleming books lacked, in Connery's view, was a sense of humor. "I discussed it with Ian, and he thought there was humor in them. But Terence Young and I did not. So we injected some."

Director Terence Young agrees. "In a Bond film you aren't involved in *cinéma vérité* or avant-garde. One is involved in colossal fun." Just what the fun can take is indicated by *Thunderball's* top-secret opening sequence. There, in rapid order, Bond clobbers a widow ("she" turns out to be a man), strangles him (her) with a fireplace poker, then escapes from the balcony with the aid of a jet-powered back-pack, and finally drives off in his Aston-Martin with a blonde.



JONES



CRUMP & MOORE



BEST



ESCOBEDO & KROLL

Unafraid to defend unpopular people or unpopular causes.

LAWYERS

Colleagues in Conscience

Who will speak for the 60% of U.S. criminal defendants who cannot afford lawyers? Will it be the courthouse hack who goes through the motions of defending indigents for piddling government fees because he has no other clients? Or will it be the able advocate who makes the U.S. adversary system of justice what it is supposed to be—a truth-seeking contest between equal rivals?

Such questions used to be a staple of law-school graduation oratory. And as such, they were all too often brushed aside. But U.S. lawyers can no longer ignore them, for the constitutional right to counsel is no longer limited to accused Americans who have the necessary cash. In its great decision of 1963, *Gideon v. Wainwright*, a no-fee triumph by Washington Lawyer Abe Fortas, the Supreme Court ordered all state courts to provide lawyers for indigent defendants in all felony cases—and *Gideon* may apply to misdemeanor cases as well. As the court simultaneously expands constitutional rights in other areas, the nation's lawyers may well be forced to live up to their commencement speeches—to serve rich and poor alike with no thought of anything but impartial justice.

Happily, some U.S. lawyers have never been afraid to defend unpopular people or unpopular causes—even if their efforts cost them dearly in money and community standing. In Birmingham, for example, Lawyer Paul Johnston last week began to pay the price of voluntarily representing FBI Informer Gary Rowe (by indirect request of U.S. Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach) in a lawsuit filed by Ku Klux Klan Lawyer Matt Murphy Jr. "It's not too popular to be involved in such matters around here," said one lawyer. Johnston was voted out of his eminent law firm by his prosperous

THE LAW

partners—including his father and brother—thereby joining a hardy band of colleagues in conscience across the country. Among them:

► Albany, Ga.'s Walter Jones, 51, used to be a thriving tax lawyer with a big office, an English secretary and a new suburban house. His Albany forebears go back five generations. In 1959 a local judge asked Jones to defend an illiterate Negro named Phil Whitus who was charged with murdering a white farmer. At first, Jones tried to refuse. Then he became so convinced of Whitus' innocence that he has since dedicated himself to keeping his client alive. Last winter, on his second try, Jones persuaded the Supreme Court to reverse Whitus' death sentence. Georgia may well reconvict, but Lawyer Jones intends to fight on—despite such white hostility that he has lost 50% of his practice, his house, his office and his secretary, whose salary he could no longer pay. So far, the Whitus case has cost Jones \$8,000 of his own money, and he is threatened by anonymous phone callers ("You goddam nigger-loving shyster. We'll get you"). A local weekly recently ran a story about him under the headline: IS SCION OF ALBANY FAMILY A TRAITOR TO HIS CLASS?

To all of which Jones replies: "If I hadn't done this, I couldn't have slept.

And if I die before Phil Whitus is a free man, I'm going to will his case to another attorney."

► Chicago's Barry Kroll, 30, is a 1960 Michigan Law graduate who got his first legal experience in the Army, arguing 300 military appeals cases. Out of the Army in 1962, Kroll joined a Chicago law firm and found himself picked off a bar list to handle one of the most important confession cases in U.S. legal history—*Escobedo v. Illinois*. Last June the Supreme Court upheld Kroll's argument, ruling that the right to counsel

begins when police start grilling a suspect (see following story). Kroll got no fee, agreed to work entirely apart from his law-firm job. "Do it again?" he says. "I'll do one a week. It was the greatest experience I've ever had."

► Chicago's Donald P. Moore, 35, was a top-of-his-class (Illinois, '56) candidate for Wall Street, but chose to work for local indigents instead. In 1957 he took on Elm Reck, a feeble-minded murderer defendant serving 99 years on the basis of a coerced confession. Moore spent four no-fee years fighting to a Supreme Court victory that freed Reck. In 1961 he won another Supreme Court decision permitting a Chicago Negro family to sue in federal court for unlawful police invasion of their home. The family collected enough to pay Moore \$60 an hour for his four years' work. Meanwhile, he and his law partner had gone broke. Undaunted, Moore next worked round the clock for Paul Crump, the remarkably rehabilitated murderer in Cook County jail's death row. In 1962 Moore got Crump's sentence commuted to 199 years. Still in debt, he has switched to lawyering for the Justice Department's Criminal Division in Washington. Says he: "I feel lucky, going broke on the things I did."

► Chicago's Walter Fisher, 73, a patrician partner in a patrician law firm, was asked by the Supreme Court in 1956 to represent Illinois Indigent Alphonse Bartkus in a classic double-jeopardy case. Charged with bank robbery, Bartkus had been acquitted in a federal court—then convicted of the same crime in a state court. Fisher soon produced a highly impressive brief for Life Prisoner Bartkus. Reluctantly, the Supreme Court twice rejected his arguments on the grounds that Americans must obey both state and federal courts, but the Illinois legislature was so impressed that it passed laws preventing any repeat of the Bartkus case. In 1960 Fisher got the now wholly rehabilitated Bartkus a pardon—completing roughly

\$75,000 worth of free legal service. "This case," Fisher insisted, "is important for freedom in this country."

► Detroit's Albert Best, 39, is a former Sunday editor of the Detroit News who switched to law largely because of fascination with constitutional rights. Best spends about one-quarter of his time defending indigents—for example, Lee Walker, a Detroit Negro who in 1954 walked into a police station to report his car stolen. Walker was promptly locked up for "routine investigation" of a month-old murder, eventually signed a confession that he says was beaten out of him. He was sentenced to life. After four years' devotion to what he calls "this vicious case," Best recently persuaded the Michigan Supreme Court to order a precedent-setting hearing on the voluntariness of Walker's confession. Walker lost. "Appalled," Best is now honing a new appeal that may set another Michigan precedent. Already he has done at least \$10,000 worth of free work for Walker. Says he: "It's a matter of conscience—mine."

► Washington's William B. Bryant, 53, a former U.S. prosecutor, is one of the capital's ablest criminal lawyers and its best-known volunteer defender. In 1957, Bryant saved Confessed Rapist Andrew Mallory from death by winning a unanimous Supreme Court decision that federal prisoners must be arraigned without delay. Mallory, probably insane, had been grilled for 7½ hours. After Mallory, capital police changed tactics. If a prisoner confessed during long detention, he was asked to repeat himself next day as if confessing for the first time. Lawyer Bryant tackled that one in the 1960 case of James Killough, a confessed wife killer who had been grilled in stages of 13 and two hours. Last year, Bryant finally won a U.S. Court of Appeals decision that tossed out Killough's confession and freed him for lack of other evidence. "It's not our obligation to get people acquitted," says Bryant, "but to see that the rules mean something."

► Los Angeles' Al Matthews, 58, finished law school determined to become a rich corporation lawyer, but in one of his first cases he sprang a life prisoner falsely accused of a series of sex offenses. Soon besieged by hopeful cons, Matthews recalls that "hundreds of people lied to me like dogs. Usually they were guilty." But in 1945 he spent \$3,000 of his own to save an accused murderer from death, continued toiling for such other indigents as Caryl Chessman, whom he still believes innocent of the sex attack that sent him to the gas chamber. For a while, Matthews' "aversion to the innocent being convicted" left him hardly more affluent than his indigent clients. He now makes \$50,000 a year in private criminal practice, gives away great chunks of it, takes many cases without fee. Says he: "What good is money anyway? I believe, like Daniel Webster, that a lawyer should work hard, live well and die poor."

THE SUPREME COURT Still Waiting on Confessions

Why do many Supreme Court decisions breed more confusion than clarification? Because the court, unlike a legislature, is charged with laying down broad principles based on the narrow facts of particular cases. And as Mr. Justice Holmes put it, "Hard cases make bad law." Last week they made confusing law in the court's flurry of reapportionment decisions (see **THE NATION**), and in its silent refusal to review a crucial California case involving the inadmissibility of voluntary confessions—currently the most confusing issue in U.S. criminal law.

New Principle. The confession problem stems from the court's own decision last June in *Escobedo v. Illinois*,



SUSPECT WRIGHT IN CUSTODY
Hard cases make bad law.

which voided a Chicago murder confession because the police had refused to let the suspect see his lawyer. *Escobedo* seemed to establish a new principle: that a grilled suspect has a constitutional right to see his lawyer—and by inference, to be told he has a right to silence. But did the court's ruling mean that police must now advise all suspects of their rights to counsel and silence (a standard FBI rule), lest all voluntary confessions be automatically tossed out of court? No, said Illinois' highest court in *People v. Hartgreaves*, a decision that the Supreme Court recently refused to review. Yes, said California's highest court in *People v. Dorado*, a decision that expanded *Escobedo* by tossing out a murder confession that had been made without a lawyer present—even though the suspect had not asked for counsel.

Last week the Supreme Court refused to review *Dorado*, despite California Attorney General Thomas C. Lynch's urgent appeal that "the convictions of thousands of dangerous criminals may

be in jeopardy under this ruling." The court's refusal may well mean that it wants to see more evidence of *Escobedo*'s effects before it makes a final decision, but it leaves police across the country unable to tell whether they should follow the "hard" approach of *Hartgreaves* or the "soft" approach of *Dorado*.

New Caution. As a result, conscientious law-enforcement officers are beginning to go out of their way to abide by the rules, while they wait for clarification from the court. In Manhattan, for example, police have been under heavy pressure for months to solve the grisly murders of two women who were stabbed to death in self-service elevators with a total of 52 knife thrusts. Last week the police arrested Charles E. Wright, 21, a Columbia University kitchen helper. But in sharp contrast to previous cases, the cops made no effort to trumpet their triumph. They refused to say whether Suspect Wright confessed, or even whether he has a police record.

A tight-lipped police spokesman attributed this new caution to "the many precedent-making decisions of the higher courts, which resulted in reversals of decisions and the granting of new trials. This arrest is such an instance, where the releasing of information could prejudice a defendant's right to a fair trial." In short, why run the risk of violating constitutional rights, thus giving unwitting aid to guilty men?

CRIMINAL JUSTICE New York Abolishes Death

In its 74 years at Sing Sing Prison, New York State's 2,000-volt electric chair has efficiently ended 614 lives. Last month opponents of capital punishment persuaded the state legislature to pass a bill abolishing execution for all but two classes of murderers—cop killers and life prisoners who kill guards or inmates while in jail or while trying to escape. Governor Nelson Rockefeller sharply criticized those exceptions as morally indefensible. "If the proponents admit that the death penalty is a deterrent in some cases," he asked, "then why not in others?"

Last week Rockefeller, who had been expected to veto the bill, joined a worldwide trend (**TIME**, April 2) by signing it into law with no further comment. At the same time, he planned to commute to life imprisonment the sentences of 17 of the 20 men now on Sing Sing's death row (three are convicted police killers). The death penalty already has been abolished in whole or in part in twelve other states—Alaska, Hawaii, Iowa, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, North Dakota, Oregon, Rhode Island, Vermont, Wisconsin, West Virginia. With the addition of New York, abolitionists have won over the most populous state thus far—and the one that developed the electric chair in the first place.

MEDICINE

SURGERY

Toward a Substitute Liver

If a man's liver stops working, he soon lapses into a deep coma and usually dies within a few weeks. Drugs offer little help, and transplants are all but hopeless. Even if the rejection mechanism could be overcome, there would still be the crucial problem of supply, which can only be met by cadavers; unlike kidney donors, who have a second kidney to keep them going, no man can donate his liver and live. But the liver has a remarkable ability to regenerate damaged cells and rebuild lost tissue—an ability which suggested to University of Kentucky Surgeon Ben Eiseman that if a diseased human liver could be given a vacation from its vital work, it might rebuild itself sufficiently to start functioning properly once more.

Sound Reasons. But there is no artificial liver comparable to the artificial kidney, and there is no hope of devising one soon, because the liver's multiple tasks are even more complex than the kidneys'. Surgeon Eiseman eventually decided to use a pig's liver, and for sound medical reasons: a pig's liver is about the same size as a man's, performs the same functions, is just about the cleanest liver in the animal kingdom.

In complex lab tests, Surgeon Eiseman ran human blood through excised pig livers, and found to his relief that they tolerated all blood types. This encouraged him to try hooking up pig livers to human patients. He and his colleagues chose eight patients in the last stages of liver coma and set up their operations as they would have for transplants. Each time, they removed the pig's liver and placed it in a steel perfusion chamber alongside the patient.



DR. EISEMAN & PERFUSION CHAMBER
For size, function, cleanliness—a pig's.

The pig liver was washed free of its own blood, cooled down to 54° F., and injected with antibiotics to kill any bacteria that might be present. Tubes were inserted in one of the patient's main arteries and one of his large veins; his own heart served as the pump to send his blood into the pig's liver. From there, the blood went back into the patient's vein after being rewarmed along the way to a normal 98.6° F.

To avoid the danger of clotting, the surgeons injected the anticoagulant heparin into the plastic tube leading blood away from the patient. But before it got back into the patient, where the clotting factor was necessary once more, the doctors gave it another injection, this time of protamine, to counteract the heparin.

Help in Crises. None of the eight patients lived, and none were expected to. Seven were victims of severe alcohol cirrhosis, and the pig-liver substitute worked well for only about six hours at a time, which was nowhere near long enough to let the patients' livers recover. But only two men failed to respond to the treatment, and five came out of their coma long enough to obey spoken commands. One asked for a cigarette on the operating table, and another was coherent for four days.

One of the Kentucky surgeons' patients had two perfusions; one who had three responded well to the first and second. Dr. Eiseman now believes that if pig-liver perfusions can be prolonged to 24 hours, they may be of real help in crises for hepatic patients and cirrhosis victims who still have a little liver function remaining, and also for transplant recipients immediately after surgery if liver transplants ever become practicable.



ANN ROWSTON LEAVING HOSPITAL AFTER SHORTENING OPERATIONS
For shame, children were the worst.

ORTHOPEDICS

Cutting Her Down to Size

Ann Rowston, 20, is a lanky English lass who had been unhappy ever since adolescence, and with good reason. By some quirk of nature, her pituitary gland failed to shut down its output of growth hormone as she matured, and she kept on growing to a towering 6 ft. 7 in. "I used to feel as if I had two heads," says Ann. "The children were the worst to face. They'd shout 'Lanky!' and 'What's the weather like up there?' and that sort of thing. I wanted to hide in shame."

Last week, eager to face the world for a change, Ann hobbled out of an orthopedic hospital in the little Welsh-marches town of Oswestry: she was walking awkwardly on two canes, but far happier than she had been in years. In the past eight months, Orthopedic Surgeon David Lloyd Griffiths had pared her down to a mere six feet.

Taking Up the Slack. Last summer Ann went to the hospital for advice about special shoes. It was on that visit that Surgeon Griffiths startled her by asking whether she would like to grow smaller. "I was upset at first," she says. "I thought it was just another gibe. But then I found he really meant it."

Surgery of the kind Griffiths was suggesting is now almost a routine measure to restore symmetry and balance when one limb, particularly a leg, has been shortened by disease or accident. But there is always a danger of infection; the bone ends may not unite properly, or there may be complications in the soft tissues. An orthopedist will not lightly undertake such operations for the sole purpose of reducing height. Ann Rowston's extreme lowness, how-



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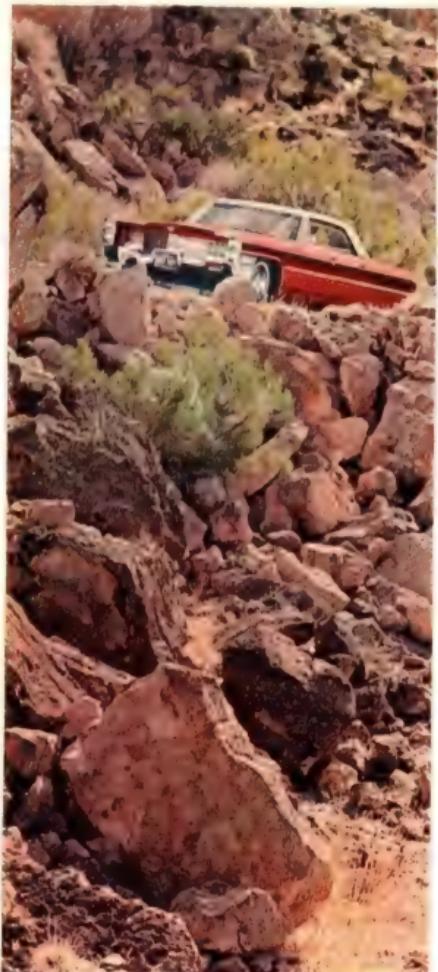
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ever, justified the procedure, and Surgeon Griffith satisfied himself that she was healthy enough to stand the strain.

In four operations, a month or more apart, he shortened first one thigh, then the other, then one lower leg, then the other. The surgery involved sawing out almost four inches of the single bone (femur) in each thigh and about 3 1/2 in. of the two bones (tibia and fibula) in the legs. The extra lengths of arteries and veins, muscles and tendons, had to be squeezed in and left to "take up the slack" by a gradual, concertina-like contraction.

And Then the Twist. Now that she is learning how to walk once more, Ann Rowston still has problems in proportion. Her torso cannot be shortened. Her hands now dangle too close to her knees, and she faces more surgery to shorten her arms—operations that are technically more forbidding because of the delicate neuromuscular control needed for the hands. But she is anxious to get on with it. "The most wonderful moment of all," she says, "will be when I can walk down the street looking at other people instead of trying to hide from them."

VIROLOGY

Chemicals for Killing

Surgeon Joseph Lister had never heard of viruses when he began to develop aseptic surgery a century ago, but he showed uncanny prescience when he picked carbolic acid for the germ-killing spray in his operating rooms. Temple University's Dr. Morton Klein has been comparing germicides, and reports that Lister's phenol, or carbolic acid, is as potent as the fancier formulations of modern chemistry against most viruses; it is actually more potent against some of the smallest viruses, which cause many respiratory diseases and polio. Also potent are sodium hypochlorite and near-pure alcohol. Restaurants and hospitals, suggests Dr. Klein, should have their detergents and germicides checked, to make sure that they are at least as good as the old, such as Lister's.

IMMUNOLOGY

A Clue in Multiple Sclerosis

In the past dozen years, doctors have tried no fewer than 50 promising drugs and other treatments for multiple sclerosis. In no case has the promise been fulfilled. "MS" remains an inexorable and eventually fatal disease, especially baffling because in its early stages victims may have sudden and severe attacks of partial paralysis or blindness, then make what seems to be a good recovery. The respite, however, is distressingly brief, and when the disease is further advanced, the disabilities become permanent.

Doctors have long known that at this later stage, the nerve fibers controlling the affected muscles have lost much of



DRS. BORNSTEIN & CRAIN

The mystery of dissolving insulation.

their protective sheathing (like insulation on electric wires), a fat-protein combination called myelin. But how to explain the early, on-again-off-again phase of the disease? The question seems particularly urgent because a satisfactory answer might lead into new areas of research and, hopefully, toward control or even prevention of MS.

A group of New York City researchers have been looking for the answer in test tubes containing nerve fibers growing in a nutrient solution. At Mount Sinai Hospital, Dr. Murray B. Bornstein and Dr. Stanley H. Appel found that if serum from MS patients, or from animals with a similar disease, was added to the solution, the myelin "insulation" was dissolved. Serum from healthy people or animals had no such effect. With Columbia University's Dr. Stanley M. Crain, Dr. Bornstein then tested the electrical connections between cells within the nerve fiber. Serum from MS patients, the doctors found, inactivates some of these connections, while normal serum does not.

The doctors report in *Science* that this electrical inactivation occurs before myelin destruction, is surprisingly rapid and, most important, is readily reversible—at least in the test tube. Washing with healthy serum or simple salt solution restores the normal electrical activity. This, the doctors suggest, may explain the early, unpredictable phase of multiple sclerosis.

If so, the disease results from something circulating in the blood that attacks nerve-cell junctions. That something is most likely a form of antibody—which would mean that MS could be classed among the growing number of diseases now recognized to be the result of "autoimmunity," a condition in which the body becomes allergic to part of itself (*TIME*, May 1, 1964). Such classification suggests no immediate new treatment for the disease, but it is a fresh sign of hope and a sure indication of an area for intensified research.



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RELIGION

BAPTISTS

In a Spirit of Repentance

The 10.6 million-member Southern Baptist Convention is the nation's largest Protestant church—and the one that has spoken and acted least on civil rights. Now the Baptists seem willing to correct this unenviable record. Last week in Dallas, 8,000 "messengers" to the Convention's annual sessions voted overwhelmingly to accept a report by the Christian Life Commission that sharply criticized the church for silence on racial issues.

"We confess before God and the world," the report said, "that we have been guilty of the sin of conformity to the world, that we have often followed the vain traditions of men instead of

leaders that their traditional conception of sin and evil must be broadened. The Rev. Browning Ware, of Beaumont, Texas, expressed the general anxiety vividly. He questioned pastors who "buckle on the armor of protectors of public interest and rush to do battle with gambling, liquor, and separation of church and state" while taking little heed of "conflicts in human relations, adequate education, and poverty."

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Eldest Daughter in Turmoil

The anxieties roused among conservative Roman Catholics by their church's current reforms have been mild in the open-minded U.S., obedient Latin America and theological

THE HERSTON—ELIAS STAM



SOUTHERN BAPTIST MESSENGERS IN DALLAS
Deplored the shedding of human blood.

the mind of Christ, and that our silence and fear have all too frequently made us stumbling blocks instead of stepping-stones in the area of race relations. In a spirit of true repentance, we prayerfully rededicate ourselves to the Christian ministry of reconciliation between Negroes and whites."

The delegates urged action against unfair-housing practices and denial of voting rights to Negroes. They also deplored "the open and premeditated violation of civil laws, the destruction of property, the shedding of human blood, or the taking of life as a means of influencing legislation or changing social and cultural patterns."

To many Baptists, the significance of these steps was not the formal condemnation of segregation—something that plenty of Baptist laymen and ministers have done for years—but the recognition by a new generation of church

ly adventuresome Germany. It is in France, where the church has been sharply divided into progressive and conservative wings since the Revolution, that the issue is bitterest.

"I think I am not being pessimistic in saying that a schism is to be feared by the end of the year," said Rouen's coadjutor, Archbishop André Pailler, last month; he foresaw that some French conservatives would leave the church rather than accept the liberal definitions of religious liberty and the church in the modern world that the Vatican Council will probably approve this fall.

"*Go to Moscow!*" During the French Revolution, a minority of priests and bishops welcomed the new republic,

On the podium: the Rev. W. Wayne Dehoney, 46, of the First Baptist Church in Jackson, Tenn., who was elected to a second term as president of the Convention.

while thousands went bitterly into exile out of loyalty to the Bourbon kings. Since then, the "eldest daughter" of Catholicism has been torn periodically by quarrels over such issues as the Dreyfus Affair and separation of church and state in the 19th century, the worker-priest movement and the Algerian war in the 20th.

Now French *intégristes* (conservatives) deeply fear that the reforming spirit of the council could lead to an accommodation with Communism. "We encounter Marxist infiltration at every step in our Christian lives," warns conservative French Novelist Michel de Saint Pierre. Liberal Catholics, by contrast, are convinced that the church must be "on the march"; they are eager to revive the worker-priests and "carry on a dialogue" with Marxism.

The tension between these two viewpoints has led to a number of demonstrations and a noisily public war of words. In Paris last December, Dominican Yves Congar, one of France's leading theologians, was wounded at a lecture by young *intégristes* yelling "Go to Moscow, Marxist priest!" In some parts of France, conservatives objected so strongly to the introduction of the vernacular in the Mass that they responded in Latin when the priest addressed the congregation in French.

Liberals fret about De Saint Pierre's best-selling (200,000 copies) polemical novel *The New Priest*, which lampoons the experiments of Paris' young missionary priests. Abbé Georges Michonneau, pastor of St. Jean near Montmartre, charged De Saint Pierre with throwing "priestly entrails to the pack of dogs who will buy your book and feast on them."

Harming the Peace. No sooner did this argument die down than liberals opened up another controversy by publishing, in their weekly *Témoignage Chrétien*, an essay by French Communist Roger Garaudy. The French hierarchy denounced publishing the article as "incompatible with the responsibility of a Christian journal." Catholic right-wingers took such glee in the rebuke that Maurice Cardinal Feltin of Paris soon had to issue another warning—this time against conservative journals that were harming "the interior peace of the Christian community."

Daunted by the national publicity given to his speech, Archbishop Pailler later explained that what he meant by "schism" was a spirit of disobedience toward the council's decrees rather than a formal split. Nonetheless, church observers believe that he would not have spoken out without the advice and consent of other bishops, and some French conservatives argue that the church is already suffering from a "silent schism" of Catholics who are "walking out on their tiptoes, leaving the church forever." The bishops face a touchy task of reconciliation in a land where those people who are serious about their faith are very serious indeed.



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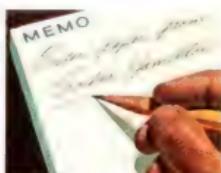
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ART

MUSEUMS

Enter Ob

First there was pop, then the trend setters opted for op, but as the new acquisitions show at Manhattan's Whitney Museum demonstrates, still another category is called for. Old-line Geometric Abstractionist Ad Reinhardt suggests "oh"—from object—and it embraces any object, image of one, or what's that might amuse museum directors or titillate collectors. Examples of ob art offered at the Whitney include:

► Andy Warhol's drawing titled *Bow Ties*, which is precisely that—the same bow tie repeated 61 times, with varying hues added.

► Yayoi Kusama's *Air Mail Stickers*, a collage made of 4,600 genuine airmail stickers all dutifully pasted in rows.

► Jim Dine's sketch of six toothbrushes, with squiggles of shocking pink added (for clarity's sake, the pink is labeled "toothpaste").

► Mike Todd's *T-21*, composed of a real, honest-to-goodness No. 1 wood right off the links, to which have been attached clusters of wooden globules.

► Ernest Trova's *Study*, repeating his theme of falling men, with six chrome-plated look-alikes joined at their feet in a sculpture similar to the spiky piece in a child's game of jacks.

► Jason Seley's *Primavera*, a huge artichoke welded together from car bumpers resembling shiny chrome petals.

► John Anderson's *Big Sam's Bodyguard*, an abstract wooden tetrapod with knobby ends and menacing arms.

► Frank Gallo's *Swimmer*, a life-size female body made of polyester resin, dressed in a tank suit and given 4-ft. all-American gams.

► Ralph Ortiz's *Archaeological Find, No. 9*, in which the sculptor did the excavator's work in advance: this abomination is composed of a crumpled French Provincial couch clotted with a gory semblance of mangled beef.

BY TED BAKER



TODD'S "T-21"

GALLO'S "SWIMMER"

Six toothbrushes and 4,600 stickers.

SCULPTURE Carving the Fat Off Space

In the hands of modern sculptors from Rodin to Lehmbruck, man's anatomy has shrunk as if he were being returned to dust. But no one has reduced the image of man to such near nothingness as Swiss-born Alberto Giacometti. During the 1940s, his sculptures shrank so much that he carried the results of four years' work in six matchboxes in his pocket; and since then, try as he may, his lovely, attenuated figures still look like fugitives from a cane gang. Inevitably, Giacometti's search for essentials gave his work a lean and existential look, leading Jean-Paul Sartre to write admiringly: "For him, to sculpt is to take the fat off space."

Sahara Noses. "I would love to make round, full bodies," says slender Giacometti, 63. "I just want to reproduce nature." Yet fleshing out volume, traditionally a sculptor's delight, appalls him. Said he: "The distance between one side of the nose and the other is like the Sahara." And so his stick figures present the long and the short of man rather than his breadth. As existentialist sculpture, Giacometti's work would be old hat. But, as Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art opens a retrospective of 140 works this week and London's Tate Gallery prepares another exhibition for July, Giacometti seems less tormented than an observer of a disjointed, brisk and familiar world. It is a world that, for all its grotesque attenuation, testifies to a robust, humanistic vision. The pessimism of a previous era, which colored his art grey, may no longer apply.

For the past 40 years, Giacometti has ground away at man in his gritty, plaster-spattered Montparnasse studio in Paris. His sooty potbelled stove still rusts away in a corner amid a welter of palette knives; the unpainted walls are covered with scribbly sketches, around which some ornate frames hang randomly like lustrous afterthoughts. This is his laboratory for capturing reality. To it come such models as his brother Diego, who makes furniture in bronze, and his wife Annette, to pose for motionless hours. For each session, they must return to the exact posture that Giacometti wishes; he ensures this by placing position marks in red paint on his studio floor. He works at an agonizing mental distance from his models. One girl, who has modeled for him for three years, has never spoken with him. Explains Giacometti: "We are not on very good terms: Even his wife can sit for him throughout an entire morning and later hear him say, 'I haven't seen you yet today.'"

Elephantiac Foot. Giacometti's search is for the man within the graven image. "Heads, heads, heads!" he cries. "I've been doing nothing but heads for years. I'm no farther along than when I did my



GIACOMETTI'S "MONUMENTAL HEAD"

Four years in six matchboxes.

first bust at 13. Nothing I do will ever be finished, everything remains just another study." The sculptor maligns himself. Actually, his figures, singly and in groups, stand in ever more complex relationships. Increasingly, he has become discontent to leave his bronzes bare, painting their stark silhouettes as if providing the emperor's new clothes. Scale, too, remains a concern. A foot will bulk large with deliberate elephantiasis—an indication of foreshortening—or a head will contract into a pin to appear farther away. His *Monumental Head* stands only 373-in. high, yet it looms as massively as the great stone profiles of Easter Island.

"I know that if I could reproduce a head exactly as I see it," says the sculptor, "I would have everything else. If I could capture the ridge of the nose and the eyes, I would already be down to the neck. Then down to the feet is nothing. Under the feet you have the ground, and you can put anything you want to on the ground. But then again, I suppose, once you have the eye, you have everything, so you might as well stop. Anyway, I know with absolute, unshakable certainty that I can never succeed, even if I live to be a thousand."



"THE YOUNG LORD" IN WEST BERLIN
Comedy and unabashed tonality.

OPERA

In Need of a Laugh

Comic opera is an elusive and difficult form to bring off successfully, and for most composers the first attempt is the last. Now Hans Werner Henze, a severely modernist composer who considered that any music that had a tune was not serious, has taken his first plunge and found himself with a resounding success. Premiered at West Berlin's Deutsches Oper, *The Young Lord* has been a solid sellout for each of its seven performances.

Local Shock. The libretto is based on German Novelist Wilhelm Hauff's tale of a wealthy English intellectual who settles in a small German town. Annoyed by the persistent attempts of the townsmen to pry into his personal life, he plots revenge by arranging a ball in honor of the impending visit of his nephew, Lord Barrat. The nephew arrives, and the local gentry see him as the personification of the *beau monde*. At the ball, he plops his feet on a table, guzzles a drink, then nonchalantly tosses the cup and saucer over his shoulder. The ladies swoon. The men desperately try to emulate his every action, even when he hops onto the ballroom floor and reels off a spastic impromptu dance. Lord Barrat grows increasingly unruly until he literally flips his wig and exposes his true nature. He is an ape.

As a satire of German provincialism, *The Young Lord* falls somewhere between high comedy and slapstick farce. Die Welt enthusiastically pronounced it the "rebirth of *opera buffa*." Its impact has been so great that opera houses in several European cities—including Rome, Hannover, Cologne, Florence and Venice—have made room for it in their upcoming seasons.

MUSIC

Backward Progress. When Henze leaped into prominence with his opera *Boulevard Solitude* eleven years ago, he was instantly claimed by the avant-garde fraternity. *Boulevard Solitude* met the necessary entrance requirements. It had a fragmented, stridently atonal score and a controversial libretto, a nightmarish tale of pimping, prostitution and perversion. But in the succeeding years Henze, who occasionally wove snatches of jazz and Puccini-like vocal lines into his clangorous twelve-tone passages, turned more and more to traditional harmonies.

In *The Young Lord*, he has reverted to unabashed tonality. The kaleidoscopic score, while not exactly hummable, is laced with pleasant melodies. Atonal music, Henze insists, is not suitable for comic opera because it does not "radiate cheerfulness," but evokes, instead, "a sort of undefined anxiety that is the opposite of merriment."

Now blackballed by the modernists, Henze at 38 likens himself to the central figure in all his operas—an *Einzelgänger*, one who goes it alone. He thinks that his impulse to compose a comic opera was merely psychological release. "There comes a point in life," he explains, "when one simply has to laugh."

FESTIVALS

The Happy Plague

Europe in the summer is one big festival of music festivals. Nourished by the tourist trade, the phenomenon has spread across the Continent like a happy plague. After World War II, Europe could boast only half a dozen festivals; today there are some 200. Half ritual and half romp, they are held in medieval barns and torchlighted courtyards, up on cliffs overlooking the sea, down in leafy glens, in castles and cathedrals, on a floating stage and in the cloisters of a convent. Programs range from intimate chamber-music sessions over brandy to razzle-dazzle variety shows, from folk music and jazz to carillon recitals.

For those with specialized tastes, there are all-Mozart programs in Würzburg (June 13-20) and Augsburg, Germany (July 3-Aug. 14), the famed Wagner Ring cycle in Bayreuth (July 25-Aug. 30), Beethoven in Bonn (Sept. 19-Oct. 10), not to mention the first annual International Mandolin Festival in Verviers, Belgium (July 3). Florence's Maggio Musicale (through June 20) will repeat its popular production of Director-Set Designer Franco Zeffirelli's *Euridice*, while Composer Gian Carlo Menotti's Festival of Two Worlds at Spoleto, Italy (June 24-July 18), will augment its opera and concert season with Jerome Robbins' new production of Stravinsky's *L'Historie du Soldat* and five performances of the New York City Ballet.

Beyond the large, established sessions of summer music in Vienna (through June 20), Lucerne (Aug. 14-Sept. 9), Salzburg (July 26-Aug. 31), Holland (June 15-July 15), Edinburgh (Aug. 22-Sept. 11) and Glyndebourne (through Aug. 15), there are several smaller, off-the-beaten-track music festivals of special interest. Herewith a sampling of the most distinctive:

• **BATH** (through June 20), on the Avon 106 miles west of London, is in one of England's most beautiful cities, whose elaborate baths are the largest Roman relics in England. Guiding genius for the concerts is Violinist Yehudi Menuhin, who will premiere Malcolm Williamson's *Violin Concerto* on June 15. Other highlights include performances by the London Symphony as well as Menuhin's hand-picked Bath Festival Orchestra.

• **THE ADELBURGH CONCERTS** (June 15-27) take place in the small local hall and Norman churches surrounding this tiny (pop. 3,000) fishing village on the windswept east coast of England. Chief attraction is Townsman Benjamin Britten. Primarily devoted to chamber music, the program will include a cycle of 15th and 20th century English church music, plus a concert by Russian Cellist Mstislav Rostropovich, accompanied on the piano by Composer Britten.

• **MESLAY** (June 28-July 4), near Tours, uses as an auditorium a massive barn built by monks in 1220. The excellent acoustics of the barn's oak and chestnut structure will set off performances by Russian Pianist Sviatoslav Richter, Moscow's Borodin Quartet, and London's Royal Opera singing Britten's *Curlew River*.

• **NYMPHENBURG** (July 7-29), on the outskirts of Munich, presents some of the finest chamber music available on the summer circuit, highlighted this season by the appearance of the Juilliard String Quartet. Performances are held by candlelight in the magnificent three-



"EURIDICE" IN FLORENCE
Menuhin in Bath and

story stone hall of the sprawling Wittenbach Palace.

• AIX-EN-PROVENCE (July 11-Aug. 1), a historic spa 17 miles north of Marseille, traditionally provides the most exciting of the French festivals. Held in the torchlighted, tapestry-draped courtyard of the archbishop's palace, the event will feature, in addition to its annual Mozart cycle (*Così fan Tutte, Die Zauberflöte*), concerts by Sopranos Régine Crespin and Teresa Stich-Randall, Violinist Igor Oistrakh and the Smith-Princeton Chamber Chorus.

• PRADES (July 27-Aug. 9), a small French town near the Spanish border, is notable for the presence of its director, Cellist Pablo Casals. Joining Casals for concerts in the Gothic church of St. Pierre will be such luminaries as Pianists Rudolf Serkin and Eugene Istomin.

• MENTON (Aug. 1-25), on the French Riviera, mixes chamber music with the murmur of the sea. Performances are held in the centuries-old square of St. Michel's Church, which affords a panoramic view of the surrounding lemon groves and the port. Highlights include concerts by Pianists Byron Janis and Van Cliburn and a Schubert recital by Soprano Elisabeth Schwarzkopf.

• COMBLAIN-LA-TOUR (July 31-Aug. 1), a hamlet 18 miles south of Liège, Belgium, will hold its sixth annual jazz festival, compliments of impresario Joe Napoli, who founded the event as repayment for the kindness shown to him by the villagers when he was a G.I. fighting in the Battle of the Bulge. Staged in the village meadow, the program will feature artists from eight countries, including the Woody Herman Band, Saxophonist John Coltrane, the Prague Dixieland Band, Germany's Woodhouse Stompers and Blues Singer Tany Golon from Katanga.



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Woody Herman in a meadow.

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EDUCATION

TEACHING

Opening the Classroom Door

An obstacle to better college teaching is the defensive notion that a teacher compromises his freedom if he allows anyone except students to enter his classroom and evaluate his performance. This sanctification of the classroom not only cuts the teacher off from useful criticism but also gives administrators a handy excuse to argue that good teaching cannot be judged, and that therefore a teacher's rewards have to be based on his publications.

Challenging this notion is small (1,050 students). Quaker-founded Earlham College in Richmond, Ind. Its president, Landrum Bolling, observes that "our justification for existence and for charging the relatively high fees we do must be that we do a superb job of teaching." Toward that end, Earlham got a \$20,000 grant from the Danforth Foundation of St. Louis, under which Earlham teachers can invite experts in their fields to sit in their classrooms, observe their techniques and assess their abilities.

The program opened last month when Lincoln Blake, a first-year English lecturer, invited one of his former English professors, the University of Chicago's Mark Ashin, to attend his morning classes. Ashin sat unobtrusively at the rear of the room, took notes, then conferred with Blake for an hour daily to pinpoint ways in which the class could have been improved. "We saw where he got off the track here, or had skipped over a point there," explains Ashin. Most helpful, recalls Blake, were Ashin's keen pointers on how "to use questions to bring the students to question among themselves." Blake also appreciated Ashin's advice on timing the discussions better so that the most sig-

REUTER



CHICAGO'S ASHIN

To judge a lecturer, hear him lecture.



NON-SPEAKER APTEKER (STRIPED TIE) AT OHIO STATE

To hurt a school, gag its speech.

nificant points got a bigger share of the class period.

The Earlham program is voluntary and the experts' evaluations are not confined to administrators—"this is a confidential relationship, not one involving an administration spy," says Bolling. Thus it poses no threat to the teacher—and also falls short of the type of evaluation upon which promotions and salary can be based.

But it is a wedge in the classroom door, letting in an air of openness that can become contagious. Already, three Earlham teachers have applied for similar help, and meanwhile two of them, Psychology Lecturer Richard Johnson and Chemistry Lecturer Gerald Bakker, have adopted a mutual-aid program of their own, each monitoring the other's classes.

ACADEMIC FREEDOM

Futile Bans on Ideas

At the tag end of a year of churning unrest on U.S. campuses, an old issue flamed anew at two large universities: whether college students should be allowed to hear Communists or other speakers whose politics range far from the U.S. mainstream.

In Chapel Hill, The only state law in the U.S. that bars such speakers affects, unhappily enough, the most respected university in the South. Last week 230 teachers at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill signed petitions protesting the ban; all but 40 of them said they would quit if the university loses accreditation over the matter, as threatened by the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools.

The law forbids campus speeches—regardless of topic—by "known Communists," persons who have pleaded the Fifth Amendment in loyalty investiga-

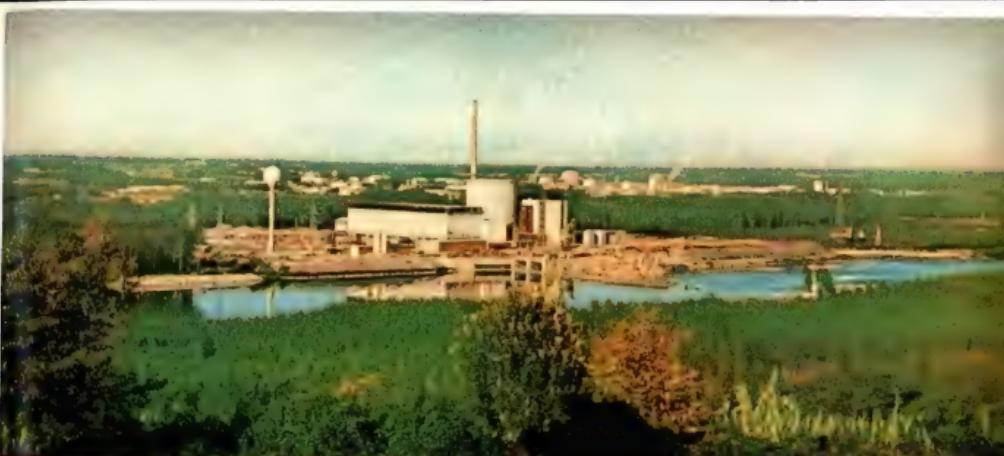
tions, and anyone who has advocated overthrow of the U.S. or North Carolina constitutions. It was passed at the end of the state legislature's 1963 session, shortly after University of North Carolina students and professors had taken part in civil rights marches in four North Carolina cities. University President William C. Friday learned that the bill had been introduced, found that it had cleared both houses in just 19 minutes while he was driving the 30 miles from Chapel Hill to the capitol in Raleigh to protest. Similar bills were rejected by state legislators in Mississippi, Florida, Georgia and South Carolina.

The North Carolina law caused cancellation of an appearance by the late British Geneticist J.B.S. Haldane, who refused to declare in writing that he was not a Communist. Proposed invitations to Playwright Arthur Miller and Soviet Civil Engineer Dr. V. V. Sokolovsky were dropped. Since the ban, the most controversial speakers have been Actress Jayne Mansfield and *Playboy* Publisher Hugh Hefner.

By a vote of 77 to 4, the university's unwieldy board of trustees (which is elected by the legislature) demanded that control over speakers be returned to the university. Warned Chapel Hill Chancellor Paul F. Sharp: "Professors these days do not have to stay in an environment which turns hostile."

Governor Dan Moore called for

the state board of education in Tennessee, which controls one college and five universities (but not the University of Tennessee), last month approved a policy statement banning speeches by "subversives," anyone expounding "disrespect for the due processes of law and order" and "irresponsible exponents of discord and strife." In the North, gag laws died in New Hampshire, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin legislatures.



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"calm and judicial consideration of the problem," but last week, by proposing that a committee study the issue this summer, he blocked a drive in the legislature to modify the ban.

And in Columbus. A similar ban at Ohio State University, enacted by the school's trustees in 1951 under continual prodding by the conservative Columbus Dispatch, is under increasing fire from other Ohio newspapers and the university faculty. Some 300 students protested the rule in April through picketing and sit-in demonstrations. More than 400 teachers have signed petitions calling for its repeal.

The futility of the ban was demonstrated last month when Ohio State President Novice Fawcett ruled that Herbert Aptheker, Communist editor and writer, could not speak on campus. The publicity drew 450 students to Aptheker's off-campus speech on "The Negro Revolution: A Marxist's View." He later came to the campus, silently onstage while faculty members read excerpts from his books to a huge audience. Said the Cleveland Plain Dealer: "Young people cannot be hermetically insulated from the clash of theories and notions out in the world. They attend a university in order to learn how to comprehend, seek, weigh, compare and choose among ideas. That is the university's essential purpose."

COLLEGES

Kudos

Commencement days are here again, bringing with them the winners of honorary degrees. Herewith the notable and the newsworthy, together with their degree and, in some cases, the citation.

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Alva Reimer Myrdal, LL.D. Swedish educator, sociologist, public official and wife of Economist Gunnar Myrdal.

HANOVER COLLEGE

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HOWARD UNIVERSITY

Lyndon Baines Johnson, LL.D. *We cannot sleep for pondering the dream to*

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from TIME Publisher's Letter

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But as far as Scotland's Jim Clark, 29, lets on, the Indy 500 is a bit of a bore. Fortnight before the race, while everybody else was practicing furiously, he flew home to inspect the livestock on his 1,200-acre Lowlands farm. When he returned, he allowed as how, "frankly speaking, I'd rather be in Monte Carlo"—where his European comrades were competing the same weekend in the Grand Prix of Monaco.

Still, his boss, Colin Chapman, had signed up for the race, and Clark reckoned he might as well make the most of it. So he did. Squirming into No. 82, a tiny, 1,250-lb. Lotus painted "unlucky" green and powered by a 495-h.p. Ford engine, he tied a white silk scarf around his face and proceeded to put on a display never before seen at Indianapolis. He led for all but ten of the 200 laps, broke some sort of record practically every time he tooled around the 21-mile course, lapped the entire field twice, averaged 150.68 m.p.h. (the old record: 147.35 m.p.h.), and left the Brickyard littered with the car-

* And where, in Jim's absence, Britain's Graham Hill won for the third year in a row, thus pulling ahead of Clark (13 points to 9) in their battle for the 1965 Grand Prix championship.

casses of cars that broke down straining to keep up.

Some Battle, Some War. The experts had all sorts of preconceptions about what last week's 500 was going to be. A disaster, for one thing: A. J. Foyt, Rodger Ward and Parnelli Jones crashed in practice, and if the three top Indy veterans couldn't control their cars, what could be expected from the eleven green rookies in the race? There was the Great Tire War between Firestone and Goodyear (TIME, May 28), and the knock-down Battle of the Engine-makers between Ford, which entered its first Memorial Day 500 just two years ago, and Offenhauser, which had ruled the Brickyard for 18 straight years.

Rarely have the experts been so wrong. The only thing that remotely resembled a crash was a brief encounter between Bud Tingstad's Lola-Ford and the wall on No. 3 turn. The yellow caution light shone for only 13 min. during the 31-hr. race—and 2 min. of that was the fault of a careless official who pulled the switch by mistake. Rookies finished third, fifth, sixth, eighth and ninth. Seven top cars used Firestone tires, and the first four were powered by rear-mounted Ford engines. Offy Boss Louis Meyer then announced that his firm no longer would produce engines for the 500, thus coining a new slogan: "If you can't beat 'em, quit."

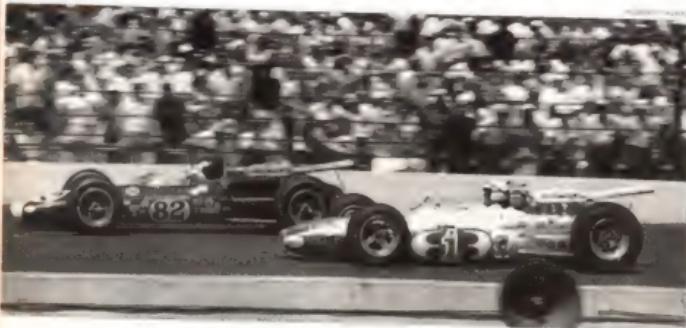
"I Saw, I Passed." The race itself was over almost as soon as it started when Clark tramped on his accelerator and darted in front of Foyt on the very first turn. Foyt grabbed back the lead on the second lap, but Clark later explained: "I let him go. I wanted to see how quick he was. I saw, and I passed him back." That was on the third lap, and except for a fleeting interlude after his first pit stop, Clark was in front all the rest of the way.

The pit stops were crucial. To encourage drivers to carry lighter fuel loads, thereby reducing the risk of crash or fire, officials required all cars to stop at least twice. Sloppy work by Lotus mechanics had hurt Clark's chances in 1963 (he finished second to Parnelli Jones), and Designer Colin Chapman was determined not to let this happen again. Carefully calculating Clark's rate of fuel consumption (3 mi. per gal. of alcohol), he scheduled a stop every 162 mi. He redesigned the Lotus' gas tank to speed up the refueling process. Finally, he hired a crew of ringers to handle the hoses: the Wood Brothers (actually four brothers and two friends), who are famed around the U.S. stock-car circuit for their ability to refuel a car and change set of tires in 21 sec.

Clark's first pit stop—he took on 58 gal. of alcohol—lasted exactly 19.8 sec. "After that," said Jim, "I knew we had it won." Foyt's pit stop cost him 44.3 sec.—and by the halfway point he was 58 sec. behind Clark. Soon after, pressing to close the gap, Foyt stripped his transmission and coasted helplessly back to the pits. Clark's pit crew flashed the word: FOYT OUT! Grinned Jim: "I was glad that A.J. was through, of course. But I could have licked him anyway."

And So to Bed. Only a breakdown could beat the Scotsman now: his nearest competitor, Parnelli Jones, was 11 min. behind. On the 136th lap, Clark ducked into the pits for the last time, waved away a new set of goggles and a glass of water, roared out again in 24.7 sec. His orders were "Take it easy"—and Clark did, throttling back to 150 m.p.h., then 145. At the end, he was 5 mi. ahead.

The only battle was for second place. Desperately rocking his car from side to side to slush the last few pints of fuel



CLARK IN LOTUS-FORD LEADING A. J. FOYT

Handshake for the queen.



AFTER VICTORY

into his starving carburetors. Parnelli Jones limped across the line 6 sec. ahead of Italian-born Rookie Mario Andretti—and almost instantly ran completely out of gas. Climbing out, he took off his helmet and began pushing his car the $\frac{1}{2}$ mi. back to the pits.

Braking to a stop in Victory Lane, Winner Clark found himself confronted by blonde Suzanne Devine, the 500 Festival queen. Ordinarily, winners kiss the queen; coolly Clark shook her hand. He professed to be unimpressed by the extent of his winnings: \$140,000 for finishing first, another \$28,500 in lap money, a Plymouth automobile, a ring, a diamond-studded pin, \$1,000 worth of clothes. "What will you do with it?" Clark was asked. "I don't know. Colin Chapman will decide that."

HARNESS RACING

A Bond Named Bret

Man o' War was a great horse, but he still lost a race. Native Dancer was also beaten once, and Kelso now loses almost as often as he wins. A ticket on Bret Hanover, though, is more like a U.S. Treasury bond than a bet. A hulking, 1,100-lb. colt who sleeps like a baby (ten hours a day), eats like an elephant (twelve quarts of oats a day) and is hooked on peppermint drops, Bret Hanover has been to the post 28 times and won every race—by the total margin of 1001 lengths.

Get Up & Go. Bret's record is the most astonishing because he is a pacer and does his racing in harness, towing a two-wheeled cart and driver behind. Handicapping harness horses is every bit as confusing as rating thoroughbred "flat" racers, and even then there are dozens of ways for the best horse to lose. He can get caught in a "blind switch"—boxed in by opponents' sulky. He may be startled by the flick of the whip into "breaking"—going off stride. He can be "hung" wide on the turns and lose too much ground to make up. Or he may simply draw an impossible post position—far on the outside, or in the second row.

At Lexington, Ky., last year, a brass band cut loose as Bret Hanover was warming up for a race. He bolted, flung Trainer-Driver Frank Ervin, 60, over the infield rail, and fell on top of him. Ervin got up and went to the hospital with a wrenched back, a damaged kidney and a pinched intestine. Bret got up—and won by four lengths with a substitute driver. Last month, in the \$125,236 Cane Futurity at New York's Yonkers Raceway, another horse broke stride on the first turn and caromed off Bret's sulky. "I almost went into orbit," shuddered Ervin, after crossing the finish line 34 lengths in front.

A pacer is laterally gaited, striding first with both right feet, then both left feet. Pacers are more common than diagonally gaited trotters, and generally faster.



BRET HANOVER WINNING COMMODORE PACE

Curtsy for the crowd.

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

Two weeks ago, in Roosevelt Raceway's \$35,800 Commodore Pace, Ervin had a scare of a different sort: at the halfway point, a rival ranged up to take the lead. But Bret responded with a burst of speed that carried him across the finish line three-quarters of a length in front. His time for the mile: 1 min. 59 2/5 sec.—a new track record. By comparison, last week's \$21,434 Matron Stake at Michigan's Wolverine Raceway was strictly a breeze: ripping through the last 1 mile in 29 sec. flat, Bret whinnied all the way to a six-length victory.

Four Under Two. Sired by the great stallion Adios, whose sons and daughters have won more than \$14 million, Bret owes his name to the fact that he was bred by Pennsylvania's Hanover Shoe Farms, which is owned by the board chairman of Hanover Shoe Co., and has been producing champions for 39 years. A Cleveland coal broker, Richard Downing, paid \$50,000 for the colt at a yearling sale in 1963, turned him over to Trainer Ervin, who was on the verge of retiring after more than 5,500 victories on the track. Ervin took the budding pacer for a spin, and changed his plans.

Four times last year, Bret broke the magic 2-min. mark for the mile. He won 24 races and \$173,298, became the first two-year-old ever voted Harness Horse of the Year. Owner Downing recently turned down an offer of \$850,000 for Bret. "If I took the money," he explained, "I might blow it all on some silly mining stock. Then where would I be?" As it is, the pickings are nothing to complain about. Bret's victory in the Matron Stake was worth \$10,717, bringing his winnings so far this year to \$110,000. But the horse isn't letting all that easy money go to his head. Every time he visits the winner's circle nowadays, Bret demurely dips his forelegs and curtsies to the crowd.

► Australia's Ron Clarke, 28: the 5,000-meter run in 13 min. 25.8 sec., clipping 7.8 sec. off his own world mark and breaking the three-mile record along the way; at the Compton Invitational track meet in Los Angeles, Clarke stole the limelight from New Zealand's Peter Snell, 26, the world record holder in the mile, who had to run a 55.1-sec. final quarter to edge Oregon's Jim Grelli with both men clocking a fast 3 min. 56.4 sec. The Aussie's great run made it four new world records in the space of seven days. The others: a 27-ft. 5-in. broad jump by current Record Holder (at 27 ft. 41 in.) Ralph Boston, 26, who topped 27 ft. on three of his six leaps; a 233-ft. 2-in. hammer throw by Harold Connolly, 33, stretching his own three-year-old record by 1 ft. 4 in.

► Hail to All: the \$147,900 Belmont Stakes, last and longest (at 1 1/2 mi.) of the Triple Crown races for three-year-olds; at New York's Aqueduct track. Ridden by Johnnys Sellers and third choice of the bettors at 5-2, Mrs. Ben Cohen's plucky colt, born with a slightly deformed rear leg, rallied from fourth place in the stretch to beat Preakness Winner Tom Rolfe by a narrow neck.

► Florida's Jimmy Wynne, 35: the Gateway Marathon, a 180-mile speed-boat race from West Palm Beach to Grand Bahama Island and back. Driving his latest creation, *Maritime*, a 32-ft. aluminum hull powered by two supercharged 400-h.p. Daytona engines, Miami Designer Wynne ripped through the churning Gulf Stream at speeds up to 60 m.p.h., crossed the finish line in 3 hr. 41 min. 10 sec. to beat Don Aronow's *608*—a deep-V Donzi whose fiberglass hull Wynne also helped design.



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U.S. BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

Bill Martin's Red Flag

The nearest thing, in economic terms, to waving a flag in front of a bull is to raise the memory of that great American trauma, the stock-market crash of 1929. Last week, in the midst of record prosperity, one of the nation's senior economic policymakers waved the red flag—and thereby showed how bothered and uncertain even the healthiest of bulls can become. With some well-timed but somewhat ill-chosen words, William Chesney Martin Jr., prestigious chairman of the Federal Reserve System, brought out the mercurial character of Wall Street psychology, which finds it hard to accept the idea of indefinitely continuing good times, even when business is most loudly proclaiming its confidence.

For months the U.S. economy has been in a state of virtual euphoria, hearing the President declare that "I do not believe recessions are inevitable" and reveling in the onward-and-upward statistics. Lately, many economists have begun to question just how long the 52-month boom can continue, and only two weeks ago the President's chief economist, Gardner Ackley, cautioned that "our expansion is going to slow down a bit in the months ahead." Still, nothing had prepared the public for the shock caused by Bill Martin when he stood up and told the U.S. that it could tumble into a 1929-type depression if the leaders of the U.S. economy do not show some caution.

"Indeed," said Martin, in a speech to a Columbia University alumni luncheon, "we find disquieting similarities between our present prosperity and the fabulous '20s." Then he listed a dozen similarities, including virtually uninterrupted progress for seven years, a large increase in private debt, a continuous growth in the supply of money and bank credit, weakness in the balance of payments. "And most importantly," added Martin, "then as now, many Government officials, scholars and businessmen were convinced that a new economic era had opened, an era in which business fluctuations had become a thing of the past, in which poverty was about to be abolished, and in which perennial economic progress and expansion were assured."

Silent Fuming. Martin said much more—notably, that there are major differences as well as similarities between the economies of 1929 and 1965—but the rest was all but ignored in the furor that followed. The stock market, uncertain and sliding for several weeks, plunged sharply: the Dow Jones industrial average fell 19 points in the three days after Martin's speech, dipped briefly below the psychologically important 900 mark, then closed the week at 900.87. Congressional leaders called

for an investigation of the state of free-world economies. Lyndon Johnson at first fumed silently, but finally could not resist saying: "I guess when you have 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 people working in the Administration, you're not always sure what one of them is going to say. If any of our people get concerned about the economy going too fast or too slow, I wish they would stop worrying and get the kids jobs"—in other words, do something forceful and direct to ease unemployment.

Several hours after Martin spoke, Columbia University gave him an honorary doctorate of laws, citing him as "a man of strong beliefs, strongly held."



COLUMBIA PRESIDENT GRAYSON KIRK PRESENTING DEGREE TO MARTIN

"A man of strong beliefs, strongly held."

He certainly is that. He wrote the speech himself, as usual did not clear it with the White House, seemed unperturbed by the fuss he had caused. Being a conservative central banker who is technically independent of the Administration, he has fretted more than Johnson and his aides about recent price rises, about the surge in installment credit (which jumped in April to a record \$60.8 billion), about the nation's balance-of-payments problem—and, not least, about that incessant, glowing talk out of Washington.

To counter all this, the Federal Reserve has been quietly and gradually tightening up the money supply and pushing up short-term interest rates—a move that Lyndon Johnson, an easy-money man, does not mind so long as the Board does not tamper with the easy rates for long-term money, which businessmen use for expansion. Part of the fuss over Martin's speech was caused by the belief that it heralded higher interest rates; in fact, the Board plans no further tightening.

Aggressive Tone. Many economists agreed that the time had come for a warning, but many more felt that Bill

Martin had exaggerated his case and made some inexact comparisons in issuing it. Some of the Federal Reserve staffers who got an advance look at the speech criticized its aggressive tone and its gross comparisons with the 1920s. Government economists were astounded that Martin did not cite more of the economic defenses that the U.S. has acquired since then: unemployment insurance, bank-deposit insurance, tougher controls over stock markets and savings institutions, and a much surer grasp of such cycle-modulating tools as taxes, interest rates and federal budgets.

Martin and the Government's economists agree on one major point: there

is no immediate danger of recession. The prime economic indicators still point up. Next month U.S. consumers will get a big lift when new legislation raises social security payments by 7%. The law is retroactive to Jan. 1 and all the extra payments for the year's first nine months will be handed out in the next three months—a total spur to the economy of \$1.75 billion. What Government economists worry about, however, is what they can do for an encore to moderate the letdown that they expect later in the year. Federal spending is scheduled to flatten out further in the fourth quarter, and higher social security taxes on Jan. 1 will begin to deplete consumer income by \$5 billion a year.

In sum, practically all the experts believe that gains will come much harder in the months ahead—and businessmen, knowing that, may now be a bit more wary of mergers, expansions or borrowing that could get them into trouble later on. Bill Martin overstated his case, but, by shocking the nation into a realization that it cannot have continued prosperity without some problems, he may have done it a service.

METALS

Change in Coins

To combat the flight of silver from the national stockpile at West Point, N.Y., President Johnson last week proposed the first basic change in U.S. coinage since Alexander Hamilton adopted silver in 1792. If Congress approves, as it is expected to do, the U.S. next year will eliminate silver altogether from dimes and quarters, will reduce the silver content of half-dollars from 90% to 40%, and defer indefinitely the minting of any new silver dollars.

That proposal, which will cut the mint's annual silver needs from 300 million ounces to 15 million ounces, offers something for everyone. It somewhat placates the big industrial silver users, notably manufacturers of silverware and photo film, who have been complaining that the mint has crimped supplies and lifted prices by gobbling up much more silver than U.S. mines produce. It comforts the potent Western mining bloc in Congress by setting a \$1.25-an-ounce floor under silver and maintaining some silver coinage. And for the vending-machine industry, it guarantees that the new coins will be made of metals requiring no costly changes in the machines' sensitive reject mechanisms, which separate legitimate coins from clever slugs by testing their electrical and magnetic properties.

The new dimes and quarters will be a "sandwich" of two layers of copper-nickel alloy (already used in the coining of nickels) laminated to a center layer of copper. Because the copper center will show a reddish-brown ring on the outside, the U.S. will have the world's only two-colored coins. They may be unesthetic, but, since they are difficult to manufacture, they will be virtually impossible to counterfeit.

AUTOS

Managing to Succeed

No organization is sounder than the men who run it and delegate others to run it.

—Alfred P. Sloan

Though good management is the concern of every business, giant General Motors has raised it almost to the status of a religion. Under the system developed by Sloan when he was G.M.'s president, each of the corporation's 661,000 employees is carefully screened for signs of managerial ability, and his performance is reviewed and recorded by superiors every six months. Several hundred who show the greatest potential are listed in a confidential "black book" and methodically shifted from one job to another to test that potential. The best in the black book eventually rise to the "Greenbrier Group," a select party of executives who are invited every three years to a top-secret meeting in Greenbrier, W. Va., where they study G.M.'s past, reflect upon its present and try to chart its future.

Last week one of the Greenbrier



GENERAL MOTORS' ROCHE & DONNER

From the black book to Greenbrier to the top.

Group, a man who has been watched, tested and evaluated for 38 years, moved into the presidency of the world's largest industrial company, becoming only the sixth man to assume the post in 42 years. He is James Michael Roche, 58, whose job as chief operating officer places him second in command—and makes him a likely successor—to Board Chairman Frederic Donner, 62, the chief executive officer. Roche, who succeeds retiring John Gordan, 65, has a particular qualification that boosted him over three or four other contenders and provides a telling indication of G.M.'s plans. The qualification: considerable knowledge of international business, gained as the executive vice president in charge of all G.M.'s overseas operations.

Ahead Abroad. G.M. is planning to move more deeply into the overseas market, which last year accounted for 13% of all its sales. At home it is faced with increasing Ford and Chrysler competition—which has reduced its share of the market to 49% from 1962's 52%—and conversely by the threat of antitrust action if it succeeds in raising its market share substantially. Besides, G.M. is acutely conscious that for three years more autos have been produced abroad than in the U.S.

Under Roche, G.M.'s overseas sales in 1964 were 22% higher than in 1963 and double 1958 sales. New G.M. plants as well as styling and engineering centers have been built or are rising in Britain, Germany, Belgium, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Mexico and Peru. In 1966, when all the construction that began under Roche is completed, G.M. will have doubled its 1962 overseas production capacity.

In the Crown Colony. Roche's career is practically a textbook of G.M. managerial development. He joined G.M. in 1927 as a statistician for Cadillac, remained with the division for 33 years, serving as personnel director, head of the business management department, public relations man and sales manager.

Along the way, he also picked up production and engineering knowledge. After three years as Cadillac's chief, he became corporate vice president in charge of distribution, then in 1962 was promoted to executive vice president.

Like most of the top G.M. executives, Roche was born in the Midwest—Elgin, Ill.—and now lives in automobile's crown colony, Bloomfield Hills, Mich. Unlike most G.M. officers, he never attended college, got his statistician's training through correspondence courses. In the cool, brusque atmosphere of G.M.'s top echelon, Roche is notably affable and tactful. Most of all, he is a typical product of the G.M. system, which, according to Alfred Sloan himself, makes the company "not the appropriate organization for purely intuitive executives," but a "favorable environment for capable and rational men" who can produce the consistency in product and sales that has kept G.M. far ahead of everyone else.

HOUSING

"Rolling Readjustment"

In San Diego, Builder William S. Chammess, finding only one buyer for his tract of \$31,000 homes, rented all but three of the remaining 67—for barely enough to cover his mortgage interest and taxes. In Detroit, eager home buyers last week snapped up new houses faster than contractors could complete them, and builders were sold out three months ahead of production. In Phoenix, where a four-year building spree has produced a 20% vacancy rate in apartments, economists are predicting that it will take two years to absorb the oversupply. Yet in Cleveland, realty men talk happily of a sellers' market and are planning more subdivisions than at any time since 1960.

Such sharp variations from city to city have become the national pattern in housing. The \$26 billion industry, which has been in an overall slump since mid-1963, is undergoing what economists



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call "a rolling geographical readjustment"—with major dips in some areas erasing gains in others. So far this year, housing starts across the U.S. are down 8% from a year ago despite gains in March and April. But in the West, where a quarter of the nation's new housing is normally concentrated, the decline is much sharper because of earlier overbuilding, cutbacks in defense industries and a slight slowdown in the influx of new families. More than 50,000 completed houses remain unsold in California, according to Bank of America officials. Says Los Angeles Entrepreneur Jerome Snyder: "Builders in trouble here seem to be more the rule than the exception."

Most of this year's decline involves apartment buildings, construction of which had spurred through the early '60s to account for 36% of new housing (a proportion not reached since the '20s). Rental construction is slipping in such major areas as New York, Chicago, Dallas, Seattle and Washington, D.C.—but has gained in the suburbs and in smaller cities.

Economists are divided as to whether housing as a whole is about to rebound. Chairman Gardner Ackley of the Council of Economic Advisors forecasts that it will recover this year to something close to the 1964 level of 1,584,000 units. Many other experts lean toward the view of James C. Down Jr., chairman of Chicago's Real Estate Research Corp.: "The market is still oversupplied, and I foresee no dramatic improvement." One encouraging sign: April contracts for residential construction, a barometer of work to come, hit a record \$2.1 billion, up 7% from a year ago.

FISHING

The Sockeye That Swims Too Far

In the fishing towns of northern Washington State and coastal Alaska, the sockeye salmon is more than just a fish. It is a recurring miracle, a gift of God, the source of steady jobs, paid-up bills, money in the bank, new boats. Each year the local fishing industry scoops up some 6,000,000 of the 2-ft.-long, silver-blue sockeye, which account for 20% of the area's \$50 million salmon catch and fetch higher prices than the lower-grade chum and pink salmon. Last year U.S. fishermen bitterly fought a major threat to their prosperity, caused by the aggressiveness of Japanese fishermen and the unusual traveling habits of the sockeye.

Japanese "Piracy." The embarrassing fact is that after they leave their spawning grounds upriver from Alaska's Bristol Bay the sockeye swim farther out to sea than anyone imagined. When the U.S., Canada and Japan instituted their North Pacific fisheries treaty in 1953, North American negotiators set 175 degrees west longitude as the eastward limit for Japanese fishermen, confident that no Alaska salmon ventured that far west. But Japa-



nese fishermen found plenty of sockeye outside the boundary, and marine biologists soon learned the truth: in its life cycle, the sockeye swims out around the Aleutian Islands for more than 3,000 miles in an elliptical course that brings it right into Japanese nets. The Japanese have been catching so many that alarmed U.S. conservationists have cut back on sockeye fishing off the U.S. coasts to leave enough fish to spawn.

These developments have incensed U.S. fishermen, who argue that Bristol Bay sockeye are American fish that have been studied and improved with \$50 million in U.S. tax money. This year, the U.S. stands to lose more than in the past: the sockeye will number some 27 million, a five-year high. As the fish take the far turn home in the critical first three weeks of this month, the Japanese will probably net up to 7,000,000 of them. Since 12 million must be spared for spawning, this gives U.S. fishermen a chance at less than half the crop. They have reacted by firing off telegrams to Washington calling for a boycott of Japanese products and protesting Japanese "piracy" by picketing Japanese ships and airline offices. They have also organized an automobile-sticker campaign: "Save our fish. Boycott Japan."

Alaskan Rivers. Washington officials warned that a boycott could have a severe backlash in Japan, which imports more goods from the U.S. each year (\$1.9 billion) than it exports to the U.S. (\$1.7 billion). The U.S. State Department, noting tactfully that the Japanese are within the letter of the law, also called on Japanese fishermen to show moderation in working their nets. While the controversy continued, more than 200 Japanese catcher boats busily worked on the permissible side of the 175th degree of longitude. On the coast, U.S. fishermen waited anxiously to see how many sockeye would survive the journey back toward their Alaskan spawning grounds in such rivers as the Nushagak, Kvichak, Naknek, Egegik and Ugashik.



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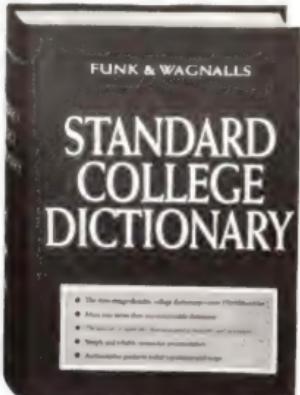
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INDUSTRY

Backyard Tractors

U.S. farm-equipment makers, who for years have concentrated on building up a \$700 million market in agricultural tractors, have found another \$100 million business right in the backyard—of thousands of U.S. homeowners. With increasingly bigger homesites and more money in the family budget, the small garden or utility tractor, long mostly a toy for the wealthy, has become an all-round bestseller in suburbia and exurbia. Only six years ago, garden-tractor sales were a bare 27,000 throughout the U.S.; this year the industry expects them to top 180,000.

The versatile tractors, once manufactured by only a few companies, are now sold by 47. Sears, Roebuck so far is in the lead with three tractor models. Longtime farm-equipment makers, including International Harvester, Allis-



CUB CADET AT WORK

Four times as fast, sitting down.

Chalmers, Massey Ferguson and John Deere, have reached down into the new market. At the same time, such established mower makers as Simplicity, Jacobsen and Pennsylvania are stepping up to midget tractors. Large acreage and big income no longer seem to be requisites for sales. Harvester estimates that 70% of the buyers of its Cub Cadet own less than three acres and that half earn less than \$10,000 a year.

The tractors are usually less than 4 ft. high, have 6- to 10-h.p. motors, move at 5 or 6 m.p.h. They are expensive, ranging from \$270 to \$1,000, and they frequently carry attachments that cost another \$150 or more. Their most trenchant selling point is that they can cut large lawns four times as fast as power mowers. More than 85% of all buyers order a mowing attachment with their tractor; after that, they may choose other accessories that blow away or plow snow, roll and aerate lawns, haul logs, sweep driveways, bulldoze dirt, and even fork-lift heavy loads. Inevitably, luxury options have been introduced: cigarette lighters, headlights for nighttime mowing, canopies and padded seats.

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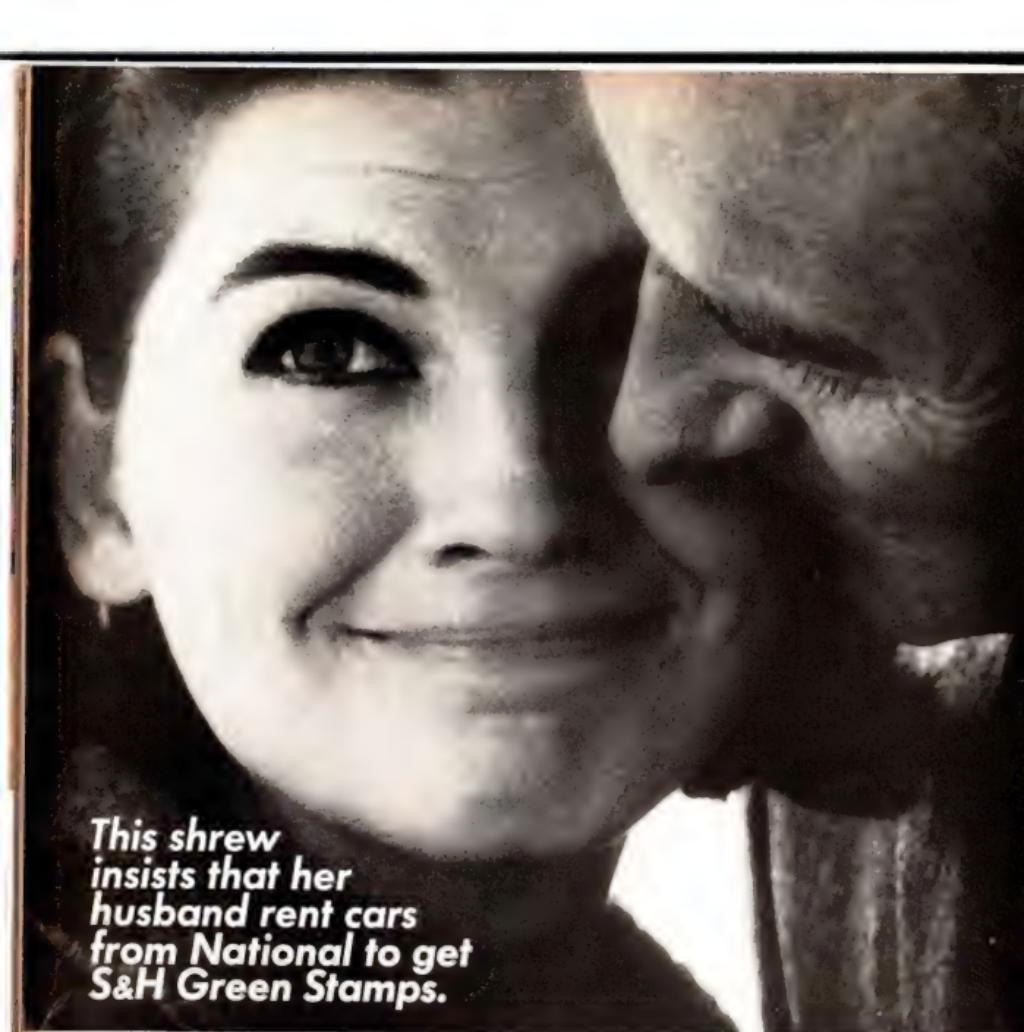
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BRITAIN

Sterling Signs: Good & Bad

Every Thursday morning, in a ritual as fixed and revered as the changing of the guard, the Bank of England's 18 directors meet behind its Corinthian columns and mahogany doors to plot their strategy for protecting the pound. In measured tones, they debate how much money to borrow in the domestic market, whether to buy or sell sterling in foreign markets and—most important—whether to change the bank's interest rate. After each meeting the chief liaison man, Peter Daniell, dons his top hat, starts on a 25-minute walk across Bartholomew Lane in London's City. Precisely at 11:47 a.m., he marches into the stock exchange and, while brokers crowd around him, announces the bank rate—the price of money.

Last week Daniell had good news: the Bank of England cut its interest rate from a forbidding 7½%, which had prevailed since last November's pound crisis, to 6%. While the lower rate will tempt some international speculators to shift their money out of British banks, the government hopes that it will also stimulate the economy sufficiently to attract other deposits. The Bank of England's directors felt confident enough to take that risk because British reserves are strengthening: last week the Treasury announced that the sterling area's gold and foreign currency reserves rose \$165 million in May, to a two-year high of \$2.9 billion. By week's end the pound rallied on the world money markets and climbed to within a fraction of its \$2.80 par value.

Rough Road. Despite the rebound, Britain's economy faces a rough road this summer. British tourists will soon begin their annual exodus abroad, cutting into Britain's reserves as they eat and drink their way across the Continent. A bigger worry to Britain's money managers, however, is the extent to

WORLD BUSINESS

which the country's reserves will be drained by its staunchest foreign allies in the monetary battles—the nations of the sterling area.

Banded together in the area are 45 countries—the Commonwealth and its traditional trading partners—as disparate as Jordan, Iceland, Pakistan, Eire, Ghana and South Africa. They invest most of their own foreign-exchange holdings in British gilt-edged bonds, thus swelling the reserves that Britain can use to defend the pound. When these countries run into deficits in their foreign trade, which happens particularly when commodity prices drop, the situation changes: the sterling area members cash in their bonds and thus pull down Britain's reserves. This is precisely what occurred this year; so far, the sterling nations have reduced their British-held balances to a two-year low of \$225 million.

Britain's powerful bankers have no control over the factors that caused this decline: a 22% drop in the price of Australia's wool, a 33% plunge in the price of Ghana's cocoa, a surge in India's food imports. Ironically, the sterling area's ailments have been aggravated by Britain's attempts to buttress the pound and by the U.S.'s program to end its own payments deficit. Because of the cutback in U.S. and British loans and investment, Australia's reserves fell from \$2 billion in January to \$1.5 billion in May. India's reserves are down to an all-time low of \$171 million, and the country is amid a financial crisis.

Big Question. If the sterling area drain grows worse, as it is expected to later this year, Britain can call up further defenses for the pound, probably including the assistance of the International Monetary Fund. London has closed a deal with the U.S. to swap \$750 million worth of pounds for dollars in a pinch, and it still controls \$1.25 billion worth of U.S. stocks and bonds that can be converted into dollars. But the big question remains: can Britain ultimately prevent devaluation? To do that, it must hold down prices, expand productivity and make its exports more competitive in world markets.



RAMFIS TRUJILLO

Nervous money, and a question of confidence.

SWITZERLAND Banking Scandal

Over the years, Swiss bankers have striven to create an image of themselves as the Alps of finance—solid, silent and snowy white. The effort has been successful. To the anonymous sanctuaries of their numbered accounts, the bankers have attracted nervous money from the world's teetering tyrants and the merely discreet rich. Swiss banks yearly draw more than \$500 million in foreign capital, earn almost as much as the tourist industry. Lately, however, the reputation of the Swiss bankers has become somewhat tarnished.

Britain's government leaders complained that the "gnomes of Zurich" gravely aggravated last November's pound crisis by coldly dumping pounds. The Algerian government has accused the Swiss bankers of harboring \$12 million that a rebel sequestered from Premier Ben Bella's treasury. Last week, in a far more serious affair, Switzerland was shaken by one of the worst scandals in the annals of Swiss banking. The government suspended from office the man most directly responsible for policing the country's banking integrity: Max Hommel, president of the Swiss Banking Commission.

Up with Trujillo. Though no formal charges were placed against Hommel, Finance Minister Roger Bonvin said that "it is possible to suspect that the president of the Banking Commission had violated the duties of his office." The Department of Justice launched an investigation of Hommel's affairs. Mostly, the investigators were interested in discovering just what, if anything, went



JULIO MUÑOZ

on between Hommel and an acquaintance, Spanish Financier Julio Muñoz.

One of the many foreign operators who have moved in to exploit Switzerland's free-and-easy financial codes, Muñoz specialized in buying into Swiss banks and bringing to them huge sums of capital fleeing from Latin America and Spain. In 1962 he landed quite a client: Ramfis Trujillo, playboy son of the assassinated Dominican despot. Though at least one big Swiss bank had found Trujillo's millions too hot to handle, Muñoz channeled the funds into two banks that he controlled, the Swiss Savings & Credit Bank of St. Gallen and the Geneva Commerce & Credit Bank. To invest the Trujillo hoard without attracting attention, Muñoz set up obscure financial companies in such places as Liechtenstein and Panama, also opened or bought banks in Rome, Beirut, Andorra and Luxembourg.

Down to Earth. Muñoz pumped the Trujillo money, as well as other funds that he borrowed from his own banks, into highflying real estate schemes. When European property markets sagged, the roof caved in. Late in April, Muñoz' two Swiss banks applied for—and got—government permission to close down operations for a year. In May, his bank in Rome also was given a one-year moratorium. One of Muñoz' cronies, Hermann Hug, president of the St. Gallen bank and a director of the Rome bank, was arrested on charges of swindling. Last week the Swiss police picked up Muñoz on swindling charges. Then his friend Max Hommel was suspended by the government.

The shocked Swiss had many questions. How could such a scandal have occurred in their midst? Why did Banking Commissioner Hommel permit Muñoz to wheel and deal so recklessly? Was Hommel implicated in the Muñoz operations? Hommel maintained his customary banker's silence, but, in the weeks ahead, he and Muñoz obviously will have to do a lot of talking.

AVIATION

Victory for Movies

Movies are in the air to stay. Last week the Civil Aeronautics Board rejected a proposal by the International Air Transport Association to ban movies on all international flights. I.A.T.A.'s proposed ban was not in the public interest, said the CAB; not only that, but it might subject participating U.S. airlines to antitrust action by the Justice Department, which last month angrily criticized I.A.T.A. for its "methodical elimination of all forms of competition in international air travel."

The CAB thus shut down efforts by foreign carriers to get rid of in-flight films, which TWA pioneered in 1961. As a result, TWA, plus Pakistan International and Philippine airlines, which have also inaugurated movies, will keep the screens lit. A few other foreign lines may also introduce flicks, and Pan American has announced that it will

equip its international flights with movies "as speedily as possible" to compete with TWA.

Most of the foreign carriers are still convinced that movie benefits do not match their costs, will try to compete in other ways. Some U.S. airlines expect them to offer fancier food, free champagne and theater tickets. Had the I.A.T.A. ban been approved, U.S. domestic carriers, four of which now have movies and music, might well have gone along. As things now stand, they will almost certainly continue showing films in flight.

JAPAN

Bluebirds on Wheels

From a standing start less than 15 years ago, postwar Japan has squeezed into international traffic and passed many flashier rivals to become the world's fourth largest automaker. Last



KAWAMATA



NISSAN ASSEMBLY LINE
Like G.M. in the formative years.

year Japanese production rose 26%, to 1,700,000 cars and trucks, ranking Japan after the U.S., West Germany and Britain, and this year the total is expected to hit 2,000,000.

The trouble is that too many Japanese auto companies—14 in all—are struggling for a share of this market. Plagued by Japan's current recession and both ered by the threat of competition from foreign cars, the Japanese auto industry is finally beginning the consolidation that it has long resisted. Last week Nissan Motor Co., the country's second-ranking automaker, and Prince Motors, Ltd., its fourth-ranking, announced plans to merge into what will become Japan's biggest auto manufacturer.

Government Matchmaker. The Nissan-Prince merger, to be completed next year, will join two companies whose combined monthly production of 49,000 autos accounts for 36% of Japan's total, compared with the 32% of Toyota, the present leader. The deal is not only Japan's first major auto merger, but the first of what Nissan hopes will be a series of acquisitions along the lines of General Motors in its formative years

Says Katsuji Kawamata, 60, Nissan's president: "I made up my mind strictly from the viewpoint of making our industry stronger in international competition." Far from frowning on bigness, the government served as the matchmaker, is encouraging other mergers.

Japanese automakers, long secure behind high tariff walls, are bracing for a possible wave of competition from abroad after the country's import quotas are lifted later this year; this will be the first step toward lowering the restrictive 35%–40% duties on foreign cars. Under present tariffs and taxes, for example, a Volkswagen that sells for \$1,250 in Germany is marked up to \$2,600 in Japan. When tariffs drop, the increased competition could be rough.

Japanese cars range from three-wheel \$650 midget cars and the \$1,020 beetle-shaped Carol 360, made by Toyo Kogyo, to Nissan's squat, six-passenger \$3,750 Cedric, named after a character

in the novel *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. The bestseller: Nissan's \$1,566 Bluebird, named for "the bluebird of happiness" in the Maurice Maeterlinck play. Though these cars are rugged, functional and economical, they cannot compete in styling and roominess with most U.S. and European makes, which will be nearer to the Japanese prices when the tariffs are reduced.

Eyes on Volkswagen. To ensure markets for its output, the Japanese auto industry is selling hard overseas, particularly in Southeast Asia. Last year Japan's auto exports rose 53%, to 150,000 cars and trucks. Hustling Japanese automakers have established assembly plants in India, Thailand, Taiwan, and the Philippines, as well as in South Africa and Latin America. By this fall, the Japanese will be shipping cars to the U.S. and Canada aboard specially constructed auto freighters designed to carry 1,200 cars a trip. Japan sold only 12,000 cars in the U.S. in 1964, but has its sights set on a 30% increase this year. Nissan's Bluebird, the top Japanese seller in the U.S., is priced at \$1,696 to appeal to Volkswagen-size pocketbooks.

STOCKBROKER TO KNOW



An ex-naval officer, graduate of Northwestern University and the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, Donald M. Wright began his career with a prominent Los Angeles bank. He joined Pacific Webster in 1955 as Sales Administrator and became a general partner in 1960. He is a director of the Bond Club of Los Angeles, a member of the Harvard Business School Club of southern California and the Stock Exchange Club of Los Angeles. On the executive committee of the Investment Bankers Association, California Group, he is a former chairman of the District Committee of the National Association of Securities Dealers.

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TIME, JUNE 11, 1965

MILESTONES

Born. To Geraldine Page, 40, most often seen as a neurotic, fluttery spinner on stage (*The Three Sisters*) and screen (*Dear Heart*), and Rip Torn, 35, her third husband; their second and third children, twin boys; in Manhattan.

Died. Gordon Person, 63, reform-minded Alabama Governor from 1951 to 1955, who in July 1954 put notorious Phenix City under martial rule after his candidate for attorney general, Albert Patterson, was murdered for pledging to stamp out vice; spent the rest of his term cleaning up the town; of a heart attack; in Montgomery, Ala.

Died. Earl Louis ("Curly") Lambeau, 67, founder and longtime coach of the Green Bay Packers pro football team, a former Notre Dame fullback, who in 1919 talked Wisconsin's Indian Packing Co. into bankrolling a team, over the next 31 years led it to 234 victories and six National Football League championships through his development of the forward pass; of a heart attack; in Sturgeon Bay, Wis.

Died. Louise Cromwell Brooks MacArthur Atwill Heiberg, 75, first wife of the late General Douglas MacArthur, a Philadelphia banker's daughter who was the subject of a 1922 press report that widowed four-star General John J. Pershing threatened to exile one-star General MacArthur to the Philippines ("Poppycock," said Black Jack) if she married him, which she did, then divorced him on grounds of incompatibility seven years later; of a heart attack; in Washington.

Died. Dr. Russell LaFayette Cecil, 83, co-author and editor, with Dr. Robert F. Loeb, of the *Textbook of Medicine*, considered a standard all over the world (eleven editions since 1927), himself a leader in the battle against arthritis, who created one of the first U.S. arthritis clinics in 1922, developed the agglutination test, and was among the first to treat the disease with gold salts; of a brain tumor; in Manhattan.

Died. Wilfred John Funk, 83, master wordsmith and retired president of Funk & Wagnalls publishing house; of arteriosclerosis; in Montclair, N.J. (see PRESS).

Died. George Allen Hancock, 89, California oilman and philanthropist, who inherited a 3,000-acre ranch in 1883, discovered the famed La Brea tar pits full of prehistoric remains while digging for oil (which he also found), made a fortune from his wells and the sale of property for what is now Los Angeles' Wilshire district, later gave \$7,000,000 to the University of Southern California; of a heart attack; in Santa Maria, Calif.

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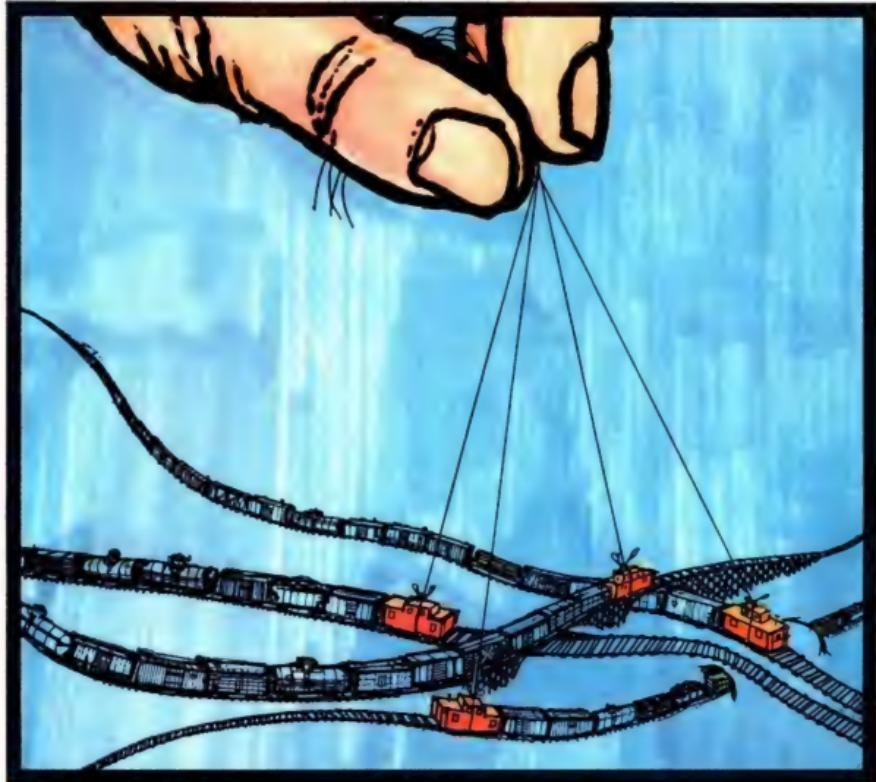
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BOOKS

Undone by a Coup

MISSION IN TORMENT By *John Meeklin* 318 pages Doubleday \$4.95

The overthrow and subsequent murder of President Ngo Dinh Diem in November 1963 opened a political Pandora's box in Saigon. Since that angry day, the government has changed hands seven times; the war against the Communist Viet Cong has grown even tougher; the U.S. has been forced to escalate the conflict by bombing North Viet Nam and nearly doubling its own forces in the south. Most important, Diem's fall brought to an end nearly a decade of political stability in Viet Nam. Was Diem's downfall inevitable or even imperative, the product of immutable historical forces, or merely of foolish diplomacy?

Author Meeklin, a veteran *TIME* correspondent who served (on a leave of absence) from 1962 to 1964 as USIS chief in Saigon, watched the drama of Diem's last days from close range. The portrait of Diem that emerges from this bitter but balanced account is of a dedicated patriot flawed by *hubris* and hamstrung by scheming relatives.

The Turning Point. Diem stubbornly insisted on running the war against the Communist Viet Cong his own way. To Meeklin and others in the U.S. Mission this rigid recalcitrance surpassed that of "a whole platoon of De Gaulles." What Viet Nam needed, in Meeklin's view, was someone like the Philippines' late President Ramon Magsaysay, who broke the back of his country's Communist Huk rebellion by offering the malcontents "total friendship or total war." Diem offered neither. Tax collectors, not aid officials, followed his troops into liberated villages. Suspicious of his own generals, Diem rarely committed his reserve forces to battle when needed, largely because he wanted to guard against a coup.

"The U.S. had bet all its chips on Diem," Meeklin writes. "We were stuck with an all-or-nothing policy. It had to work, like a Catholic marriage or a parachute." But when the Buddhist crisis ignited in May 1963, the policy went up in flames. What began as a seemingly simple dispute over the display of religious flags soon became a cleverly conducted campaign to unseat Catholic Diem. U.S. reporters fanned the flames with pro-Buddhist stories that enraged Diem, who refused to believe that Washington did not control the press in the same way he did.

Smoldering distrust of the U.S. became defiance. When U.S. Charge d'Affaires William Trueheart formally threatened Diem with the statement that the U.S. would "disassociate" itself from the Saigon government's actions unless anti-Buddhist repressions ceased, Diem's brother Ngo Dinh Nhu respond-

ed by raiding the Buddhist pagodas. That, in Meeklin's informed opinion, was the turning point. "The pagoda raids made it categorically impossible for the U.S. to try to go on with the regime," he writes. "Its handling of the Buddhist issue conclusively discredited the regime's claim to the political savvy that would be essential in the long run to defeat the Viet Cong."

Out from Washington flew a new ambassador, Henry Cabot Lodge. "For application of the new policy," says Meeklin, "the President had found exactly the right man. Ambassador Lodge proved to be an able executioner."

"Desperate Surgery." Meeklin's account of the coup and of the murder of Diem and Nhu is colorful but carefully



MEEKLIN

Sense drawn from the past.

subjective—he reports only what he saw. Although he states categorically that Lodge was intent on getting rid of Diem and that he knew the coup was planned—indeed had spoken with the coup leaders—Meeklin does not charge that the U.S. Mission was directly involved.

Still, the deed was done. Was it justified? Meeklin thinks not. "A coup d'état in such circumstances," he writes, "was desperate surgery. The odds against success were comparable with, say, a kidney transplant." And indeed the graft didn't take. Diem's successors proved unable to halt the "relentless deterioration, confirming in drear succession all the black predictions of those who had opposed the coup."

"Unalterable Obligation." The lessons that emerge from Meeklin's account are sad but simple. Highhanded as he

was, Diem deserved greater understanding from the U.S. Writes Meeklin: "Just as the U.S. should insist on effective action against a guerrilla enemy, we should rigidly limit our interference to this objective. We should accept almost any extreme of public embarrassment, even at the expense of our 'dignity,' to permit the host government to enjoy the trappings of independence."

Having failed with Diem, the U.S. compounded its error by failing as well in its handling of Diem's successors. The next step was inevitable: "It was a bitter reality that in Viet Nam our central enemies, the Russians and Chinese, once again had found somebody else to fight their battles for them. It was now our unalterable obligation to send our own fighting men to defend our vital interests, just as we had through all our history. There was no cheap way, no easy way out."

Royal Women

LADY WU by Lin Yutang 255 pages Putnam \$4.95

THE LAST GRAND DUCHESS by Ida Tarbell 264 pages Scribner \$5.95

"For the study of the good and the bad in women," Ambrose Bierce once remarked, "two women are a needless expense." Not always. In these new biographies of women of importance, one a Chinese empress and the other a Russian princess, some notable virtues and vices of the sex are acutely dramatized by contrast.

Beastly Nature. If the Devil is a woman, her name is undoubtedly Lady Wu. She was Cleopatra, Catherine the Great and Lucrezia Borgia rolled into one, and from A.D. 655 to 704, first as Empress and later as "female Emperor," she subjected China to a reign of unprecedented terror. In this lightly fictionalized and gruesomely readable account of her career, Lin Yutang dispassionately describes the nature of the beast and the events of an era that still stands as history's most horrible experience of petticoat government.

Lady Wu was born a commoner, the daughter of an army officer. At 14, she caught the Emperor's eye and became a royal concubine. At 24, she seduced the Emperor's successor and became his favorite. The throne was now her goal. To attain it she strangled her own baby, the new Emperor's daughter, and blamed the crime on the reigning Empress. The Empress was deposed; Lady Wu took her place. Within a year she held all the strings of power, manipulated the Emperor like a puppet. On her secret instructions, the former Empress was horribly done to death—after a ferocious flogging, her hands and feet were cut off and she was left to drown in a vat of wine. In the next 35 years, sometimes as policy but always with pleasure, Lady Wu murdered five of the Emperor's sons (including two of her own), two of her brothers, one of her sisters, the sister's daughter and several



GRAND DUCHESS OLGA (c. 1900)



EMPERRESS WU

Gracious victim and bloody perpetrator.

hundred of her husband's relatives. When the Emperor died, Lady Wu assumed the regency and soon transformed government by murder into government by massacre. Hundreds died every day in the torture chambers operated by her secret police; whole villages were wiped out by ambitious commanders who invented a sedition whenever they wanted a promotion. When all possible opposition was crushed, Lady Wu abolished the Tang succession, established the Wu dynasty, and in 690 had herself crowned as the first Wu Emperor. To everyone's amazement, she proved in most respects a model monarch. She demolished the apparatus of terror and installed a Cabinet of honest civil servants who ruled the country well. At 80, feeble but still formidable, she was persuaded to relinquish her male harem and was maneuvered into luxurious retirement. Less than a year later she died—without a care in the world, without a spot on her conscience. In her last will and testament, she declared that she "pardoned" all the people who had forced her to kill them.

Earned Oblivion. *The Last Grand Duchess* depicts a very different sort of royal lady—not a perpetrator but a victim of terror. Olga Aleksandrovna Romanova, sister of Czar Nicholas II, started out in life as a fairy-tale princess. She spent her childhood in the palace at Gatchina near St. Petersburg enclosed by 5,000 servants and 900 rooms. As a young lady still in her teens, she was given an income of \$1,000,000 a year. To her, traveling "simply" meant moving with a retinue of 30 or more, often aboard an imperial yacht that was freighted with carloads of fresh roses.

Then, on one inhuman night at Ekaterinburg in 1918, Nicholas II, his wife and their five children died at the hands of the Bolshevik murderers. Olga Aleksandrovna escaped with her commoner husband to Denmark and later to Canada, where she sank gently into near

poverty. She died five years ago at 78. Author Vorres, art critic of the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, rescued Olga from the oblivion that she had long cherished and richly earned. One day in 1958, anxious only to borrow some of Olga's icons for an exhibit he was organizing, Vorres knocked on the door of her cottage in Cooksville, a Toronto suburb. The gracious and angular old woman admitted him not only to her cottage but to her confidence.

In her last years, she refused to accept any substantial help from distant relatives. Yet, wearing any old dress and shoes without stockings, the noble old woman commanded from her neighbors the respect that her brother never attained. "I just can't understand it," she said one Christmas season in Canada, leafing through cards that had arrived from royal kinsfolk in Sweden, Germany, Denmark and Greece. "It is the first time I have not had a card from him." "From whom?" her visitor asked. "Oh, Mr. Shaw, my dear bitcher. I do so hope he is all right."

Current & Various

THE FETISH AND OTHER STORIES by Alberto Moravia. 150 pp. Harcourt, Straus & Giroux. \$4.95.

Alberto Moravia is one of the leading money-changers in the fashionable currency of anxiety. He specializes in counterfeiting intellectual currencies: man is a hopeless victim of his own technology; sex is the only natural act remaining to man; life is just awful. It was awful in Moravia's early novels (*The Woman of Rome*, *Comittal Love*), but somehow it was described with sensuous excitement. In his recent books (*The Empty Canvas*, *Roman Tales*), the excitement has progressively decelerated, and in the present collection of 41 short stories Moravia has attained what might more charitably be described as a creative pause. His milieu is comfortable, upper-middle-class Italy. His characters are dead souls, stifled

with boredom and loneliness, who wander their existential wasteland groaning under the stylish burdens of too much money, too much leisure, too little heart. The women are shallow, complacent, cruel; the men are feeble, nervous, dependent; all tritter away their lives in a little hectic experiment that the protagonists like to call love. Moravia calls it torture, but he believes it is necessary torture.

SQUEEGEE by Jack Siegel. 218 pages. Horizon Press. \$4.95.

On the subway from Harlem that morning, Window Washer Benny Robinson and the Negro girl on the next strap had been rubbing against each other happily—when a sudden stop threw her against a middle-aged white man, whom she accused of improper advances. Funny thing, it was the same white man Benny punched in the eye in the race incident a few hours later. And the same man again whom Benny found sitting behind the desk when he applied for a job that afternoon. Now that same night, in whose fane home had Benny's wife just gone to work as a maid? Small world, New York, just full of coincidence. Small book, this lurid first novel, which overworks coincidence, seduction and dialect ("Whatchou all want?") to prove that sex is the squeegee of tension, "the instrument that wipes the wet dirt from the window." Asks a middle-aged woman in a symbolic parlor scene, "Don't we all get just a little squeeged?" Anyone who pays \$4.95 for this book is bound to agree.

THE FLAG by Robert Shaw. 290 pages. Harcourt & World. \$4.95.

The actor-author has been a tradition in England since the days of Actor William Shakespeare. Unfortunately, Actor Robert Shaw (*The Luck of Ginger Coffey*, *The Playwright*) seems to be a one-profession man. He has produced two moderately successful novels, but his third demonstrates forcefully that he is no kin to G. B. Shaw, much closer to J. Arthur Rank. The time is 1925. A reforming village vicar preaches socialism from his pulpit, flaunts a Communist flag in his church. To his cause the radicals rally; the emancipated lady of the manor, her biddled Fabian aunt, a brains Etonian atheist. The conservatives conspire to destroy him; a local coal baron imports a Fascist type to incite a riot, storm the church, and tear down the offensive flag. Three people are accidentally slaughtered in the melee. At the fade, the vanquished vicar covers the corpses and, raising his fist toward heaven, apparently curses God. Sound implausible? Author Shaw assures readers in a foreword that his story is based on fact. Somehow, what with his ponderous verbiage, irrational shifts of style, difficulties with grammar and punctuation, he makes the reader confident that it didn't really happen.



Last month Lloyd Purdy sent food packages to Mrs. Chong Soo Lee for the youngsters of Seoul, Korea . . .



A new school was started for the children of Puente Alto, Honduras . . .

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themselves, through CARE, in the construction of a school for 100 children in Puente Alto, Honduras. The villagers themselves will assist in the construction of the school and food preparation center.

B. B. Grimes of Hohenwald, Tenn., asked that his CARE packages be sent directly to Paul Hom in Hong Kong.

Ivar Seger and Charles Hart wrote an INA package policy on a Wisconsin school district. As a result, CARE Classroom Equipment Kits are on their way to school children in Iran, Chile, Colombia, Panama and Ecuador.

And the Los Angeles agents are currently working together on a project to help rebuild a school, recently devastated by an earthquake in Chile.

Dave Sprague has tagged his CARE packages in the form of teaching kits for Literacy Village in India. And other INA agents are sending carpenter kits, tools and other self-help packages to people in 38 countries.

During the first month of the INA "Friendship Program," the independent insurance agents and brokers in the United States and Canada earned 800,000 pounds of food for undernourished people all over the world.

We're proud of their generous response to this unique people-to-people program. It truly demonstrates their deep concern and friendly interest in people everywhere.

The good being done by their program—the thousands of glasses of milk, the wholesome nutritious meals, the tools to help themselves, the mended lives, the chance for an all-important education—is an inspiration to all of us.

Bradford Smith, Jr. President
INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA
World Headquarters: Philadelphia



SCIENCE

ASTROPHYSICS

What Hit Siberia?

Whatever it was that rocked Central Siberia back in 1908, echoes of the explosion still reverberate in scientific argument. Farmers 40 miles away from the center of the blast were knocked down by the pressure wave and burned by the flash; trees 30 miles from the center were blown over. But no one is yet sure what actually happened.

Writing in *Nature*, Physicist Clyde Cowan of Catholic University of America, along with Geophysicist Chandra Atluri and Nobel Prizewinning Chemist Willard Libby of U.C.L.A., offer the most ingenious theory so far. After disposing of previous guesses (if it was a meteor, where is the crater? If it was a comet, why was it not seen approaching?), Libby & Co. suggest that what caused the big bang may well have been a hunk of anti-matter that must have wandered into the solar system from some distant galaxy.

Anti-matter, which has thus far been created on earth only as infinitesimal particles in giant synchrotrons, reacts violently when it comes into contact with true matter. One product of the Siberian reaction would have been a vast number of free neutrons, many of which would have joined with nitrogen atoms, turning them into radioactive carbon 14. Calculations showed that the explosion would have increased the carbon-14 content of the earth's atmosphere by about 7%. That heightened radioactivity could be expected to show up in vegetable matter a short time later.

Dr. Libby and his colleagues peeled the annual rings of wood from the trunk of an Arizona Douglas fir. The rings formed in 1909, one year after the explosion, showed a small but unmistakable excess of radioactivity. This indicates, say the authors guardedly, that about one-seventh of the energy in the Siberian explosion came from anti-matter.

COSMOLOGY

Whisper from a Bang

Is the universe limitless, with no beginning and no end in either time or space? Or did it begin with a "Big Bang," the sudden expansion of a monstrous mass of hot hydrogen that spread out to form galaxies still receding from one another? Scientific dispute ranges between those two extremes and swirls around compromises and variations. New evidence seems to support first one theory, then another. Last week it was the Big Bang that got a boost—all because of some faint radio waves filtering gently down from the sky.

Scientists Arno A. Penzias and Robert W. Wilson of Bell Telephone Laboratories were determined to account

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BELL'S HOLMDEL HORN
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for all the radio energy that finds its way into the 20-ft. horn antennas at Holmdel, N.J., that Bell built for talking to the Telstar communication satellite. At the microwave frequency the horn was tuned to, 4080 megacycles, radio waves from the stars and galaxies were all but undetectable, and tests with a ground transmitter proved that waves from the earth's surface could be disregarded. Still, signals were coming in. What was their origin?

All Directions. Penzias and Wilson used an extremely sensitive receiver, part of it cooled by liquid helium to eliminate most of the radio noise that is generated internally by electronic gear. They rebuilt the horn meticulously, cleaned and aligned its joints, covered its seams smoothly with aluminum tape to reduce noise coming from imperfections. They made allowance for radio waves from the earth's atmosphere. After all that, the horn continued to catch a steady radio whisper that did not vary by day or night, winter or summer. It seemed to come from all directions with equal intensity.

When word of the whispering waves reached Professor Robert H. Dicke and a group of Princeton physicists, the Bell observations seemed to fit neatly into the predictions of their own sweeping cosmological theory. Big Bang exponents, the Princeton scientists contend that the universe has not had a single bang but an infinite number. At undetermined intervals, they say, the universe contracts to a single mass, dissolving all its galaxies and the life they may carry into non-hydrogen. Then it expands once more.

Weak Wash. Professor Dicke's group is particularly interested in the period when the universe had just begun to expand after its last Big Bang. It was still very hot, containing vast amounts of light and other radiation, but as it expanded the radiation weakened and increased in wave length because of the



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speed of expansion. This ancient radiation came to permeate the universe and washed weakly against the galaxies—one of which is the Milky Way to which the solar system belongs. The weakened radiation, says Professor Dicke, may well be what has been detected—7 billion years after the bang—as microwaves whispering in the Holmde horn.

ENTOMOLOGY

Subversion Among the Ants

The U.S. South knows few worse pests than the tiny fire ant, an uninvited guest that came up from South America nearly 50 years ago and settled down for a long visit. The little insects bite people, raising painful lumps, attack livestock, nibble crops and foul up expensive farm machinery with their hard earthen nest mounds. For years nothing could check their spread; massive attacks with chemical dusts and sprays all failed. Now it looks as if the Department of Agriculture has finally found an answer to the curse of the fire ants: still smaller ants that seduce the fire ants into destroying themselves.

Social Parasite. Uruguayan scientists working for the department stumbled on the secret while they were searching for a fungus or a bacteria that might be fatal to fire ants. They discovered that in Uruguay, where the ants are native, they are no serious problem. Often they are so weak that they build flimsy nest mounds, which wash away in the rain. This suggested not an ant killer but a social parasite.

The nests contained various parasites, but the most important turned out to be another species of ants that live without concealment in the fortresses of the fierce fire ants and, by some mysterious influence, make their hosts support them in idle luxury. Usually, a few of the parasites cling to the fire ant queen by means of specially adapted mandibles that fit around her neck without hurting her. When a worker comes to feed her with regurgitated food, the parasites flutter their antennae, apparently conveying a compelling message that makes the worker feed the parasites instead of the queen.

The parasites that cling to the queen are females, and when she lays her eggs they lay eggs of their own. Dutifully, the fire ant workers care for both sets of eggs and raise the infant parasites just as tenderly as if they were young of their own species. The parasites thrive while their considerate hosts all but work themselves to death taking care of them. The fire ant economy is wrecked. The healthy parasites mate conveniently in the nest, and then fly away to subvert and weaken other fire ant colonies.

Biological Weapon. The parasites have been found only in association with fire ants. Apparently, they cannot live except when fed by the fire ants with their regurgitations. This dependence makes them promising as potent biological weapon. But the department's



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scientists will not bring the parasites to the U.S. and turn them loose until it is certain that they will not upset the balance of nature in some unexpected and possibly harmful way.

VOLCANOLOGY No Thundercloud Needed

The hot plumes of steam and ash that rise from many volcanoes are often shot through with brilliant lightning flashes. But these violent bursts of electricity are usually blamed on conventional thunderclouds pushed up by the heat of the eruption. Curious to learn whether a volcano can make its own lightning, without thunderclouds, a team of U.S. and Icelandic scientists studied the volcano that is forming the new island of Surtsey off the coast of Iceland. In *Science*, they report that



LIGHTNING IN SURTSEY VOLCANO
Rocks over the plane.

they rode a fishing boat to within 250 yds. of the roaring vent, and flew in an airplane close to the hot, black plume. Once they saw rocks a foot in diameter tossed above their plane. They escaped injury and satisfied their curiosity: volcanoes do manufacture lightning.

Great flashes often struck out of the volcanic plume, usually hitting the newborn island near the active vent, and almost every time, the scientists' instruments showed a strong charge of positive electricity in the plume just before the flash. After the flash, the plume was neutral or negative, building up a positive charge before the next flash. This happened repeatedly without any thundercloud forming in the vicinity, proving that the volcano alone was generating the electricity. Just how it did this is still uncertain. In some cases, the positive electricity was created when a high-speed jet of ash-laden volcanic steam shot up through sea water; yet clean steam, formed when lava flowed quietly into the sea, also contained a charge. To satisfy themselves about the final details of the volcanic lightning generator, the scientists will have to brave a second and still closer look.

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nuance of self-denial in the shock of an unexpected word or gesture; the giddy, slightly drunken release of inhibitions among women at a bridal shower; the total revelation of loneliness and hunger in the eyes of a widower who paces through a long empty night, his imagination inflamed by a last light flickering out in the house across the way.

All About Moreau

Eva is Jeanne Moreau. And except for some wonderfully grey and wintry views of Venice, this long, turgid melodrama has little else to recommend it. Made in Italy in 1962 by Director Joseph Losey (*The Servant*), Eva describes how a malicious, luxury-class harlot (Moreau) coolly destroys a famous Welsh author (Stanley Baker) who never amounted to much in the first place. The man is a loser whose reputation rests on a novel he stole from his dead brother. By the time the woman finishes with him, his exquisite wife (Virna Lisi) has committed suicide and the writer is reduced to fond talk and low estate as a Venetian tourist guide.

Director Losey tries to cover clichés with camera trickery. He works from arresting angles, all but caressing the decor of a world made to order for the filthy rich. Fond of polished surfaces, he dotes on reflections in mirrors, sunglasses, brandy snifters. But the validity of Eva lies in Moreau's accomplished bitchery. As a sleek alley cat commuting at her whim between Venice and Rome, she slinks from warm beds to warm baths, purring over her furs and silks and blues records with such hypnotic self-absorption that even a silly role begins to seem not just interesting, but absolutely essential to watch.

Marriage-Go-Round

Joy in the Morning, an addled little idyl based on a novel of the same name by Betty Smith (*A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*), has enough sentiment and heartbreak to fill several movies; what it sorely needs is a touch of cynicism and perhaps just a glimmer of recognizable truth. Hero Richard Chamberlain (TV's Dr. Kildare), struggling through law school during the 1920s, elopes with an Irish-American lass (Yvette Mimieux) whose tenement origins and uninhibited candor are purported to be rather embarrassing for him. Actually, Yvette conceals her social liabilities behind a peekaboo brogue and matching hair-do.

Though all dressed up for the giddy era of F. Scott Fitzgerald, *Joy* takes place on a campus that has its spiritual roots in ooz and Oz. Beyond a tiny little bridge spanning a tiny little stream, the two beautiful Young Marrieds find a tiny little dream house in which to adjust. Even their garbage is lovely, crisp and green as a garden-fresh salad. "Sometimes it's not so bad being poor, the way we're poor," says Richard.

Tiny little problems do crop up, however. Sex. Money. Family. When his

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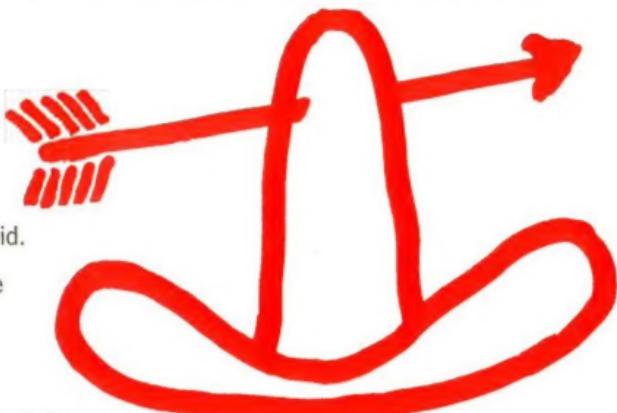
harsh father (Arthur Kennedy) cuts off support, Richard has to take a night-watchman's job. Yvette causes gossip when she befriends a panty florist and accepts baby-sitting jobs at the home of a kept woman. But soon Yvette becomes pregnant, and spring arrives bringing birdsong, title song, birth, graduation, and a proper Catholic wedding. Short of a winning ticket in the Irish Sweepstakes, who could ask for anything more?

Big Gun, Low Aim

Murder Most Foul. "A bunch of the boys were whooping it up . . ." begins Margaret Rutherford, auditioning for a provincial repertory company with a daffy, definitive recitation of Robert Service's Yukon ballad, *The Shooting of Dan McGrew*. She has no sooner finished than an actor drops dead at her feet. Though the plot has it that the poor chap was done in by poison, it appears more likely that he died of envy, for an act like Rutherford's is hard to follow.

As the fourth film based on the adventures of Agatha Christie's snooper-sleuth Miss Marple, *Murder*, casts a mere shadow of the series' former stealth, and Actress Rutherford has to flesh out the fun singlehanded. After working her bit of mischief as member of a hung jury, she sallies forth to pursue her hunch that a wilted rose and a faded theater program offer irrefutable evidence that a homicide has a ham in it. While the police fumble, she marshals vast jowls behind a mouth jutted into a small down-turned crescent of incontestable certainty, or inhales all the air in her immediate vicinity, then slowly lets it go again, sifting for clues the way a whale sifts plankton. At last, face to face with a remorseless killer, she plucks a dainty pistol from her gown and remarks: "I should warn you, I won the ladies small-arms championship." Rutherford fans are aware by now that every *Murder* will out more or less the same way, but it does seem a pity to assign so much small-bore comedy to one of moviedom's Big Berthas.

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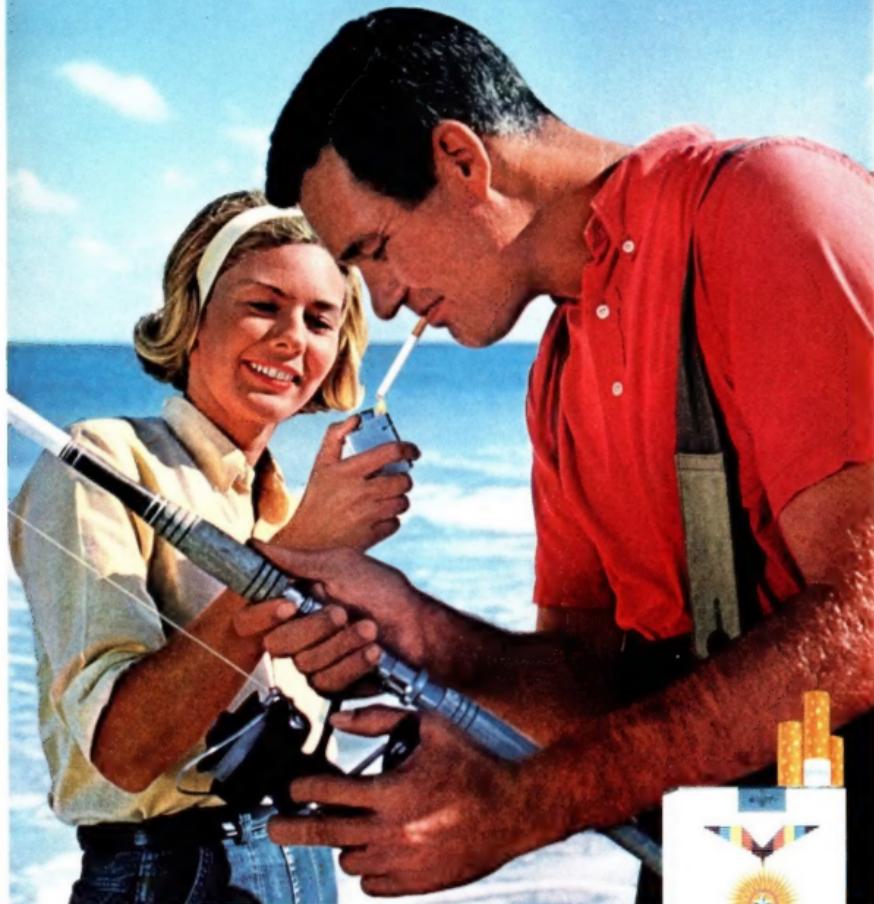
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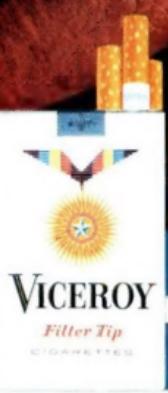
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